



The Ted Kennedy Problem

TIME

Nuclear Power

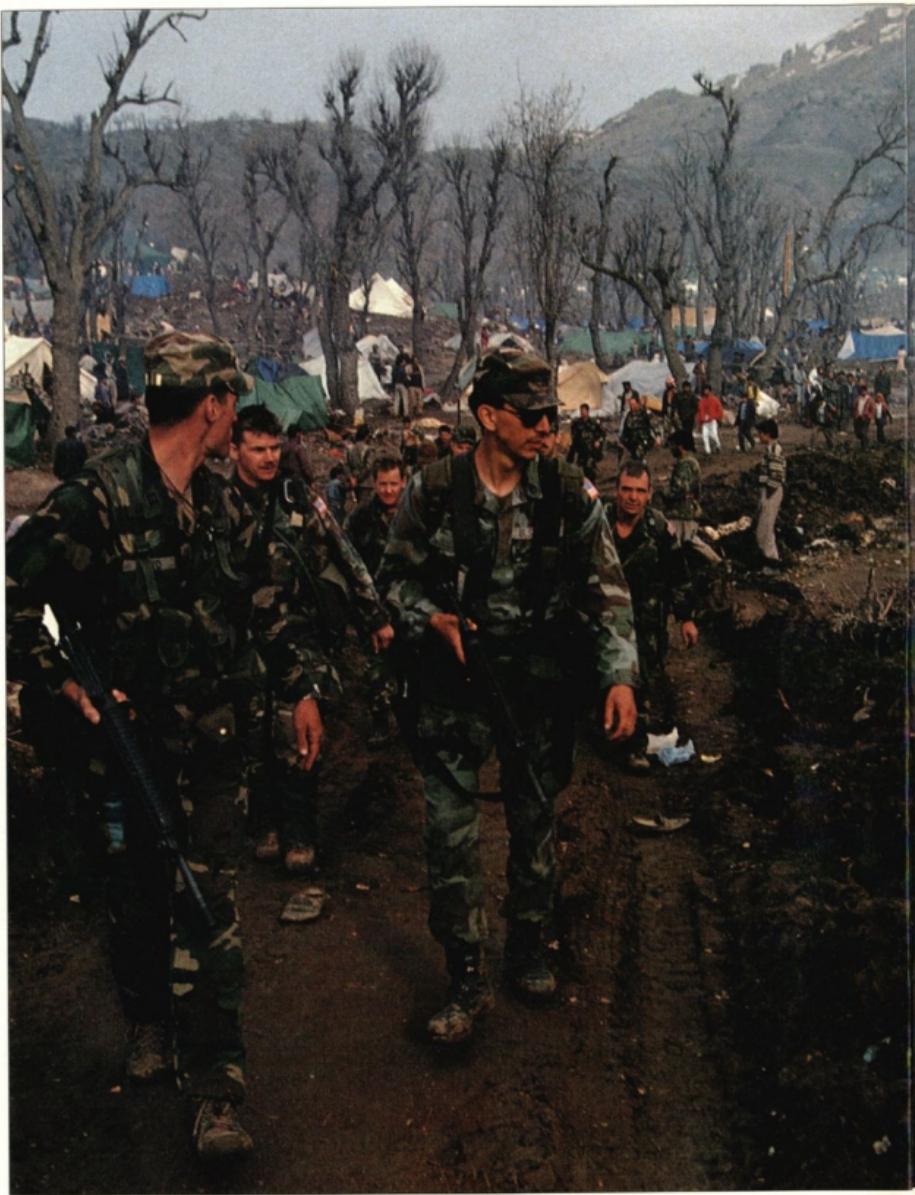
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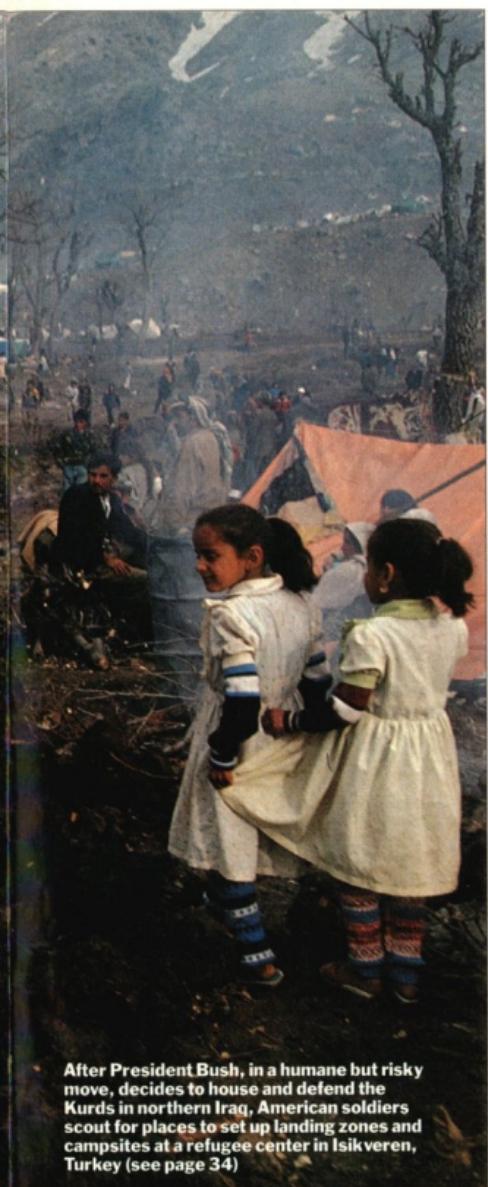
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



After President Bush, in a humane but risky move, decides to house and defend the Kurds in northern Iraq, American soldiers scout for places to set up landing zones and campsites at a refugee center in Isikveren, Turkey (see page 34)

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

TIME is a magazine of lines—not only headlines but also bylines, story lines and hairlines (those on us, which sometimes recede, and those in the magazine, which separate the columns). The magazine's great lineman is Trang Ba Chuong, who every week helps supervise the delicate work of assembling on the page all its elements. The job takes great patience and an attention to detail, but some of us haven't realized how he has applied these same virtues over the past 10 years to the enormous job of getting his family out of Saigon. Two weeks ago, eight of his relatives, including his 78-year-old father and 67-year-old mother, landed in New York City to begin a new life in the U.S. They joined another eight relatives who had arrived six months before—a total of 16.

Trang's journey to this country began in chaos. He was hired as a part-time telex operator in the Saigon bureau in 1971, and volunteered to stay behind with correspondent Bill Stewart after most of his colleagues were evacuated. Saigon fell apart quickly, and so did Stewart's plans for getting himself and Trang out of

town. Despite a curfew and checkpoints manned by nervous soldiers, he and Trang trekked across the city in a yellow mini Moke to retrieve Trang's wife and two-year-old daughter. "It was the dumbest thing any of us had ever done in Vietnam," Stewart says. Stewart returned from this successful mission only to learn that he could not bring any Vietnamese out with him.

Trang made his own way to the U.S. and landed a job as a mailroom clerk at Time Inc. Today, at 43, he is a supervisor of production at TIME.

Trang became an American citizen in 1981, and began the bureaucratic process of bringing his relatives here from Saigon. It took forms on the American side, and it took more forms on the Vietnamese side. But the family finally arrived. "The fact that my parents wanted to leave their country after spending their whole lives there because they wanted to be with me really moved me," says Trang. And

another thing: Trang's eight-year-old son, who was born here and speaks only English, has announced that he wants to learn Vietnamese. "So he can talk to his grandparents," says Trang.

Ron L. Miller



Finally together: Trang surrounded by his relatives

"The fact that my parents wanted to be with me really moved me."

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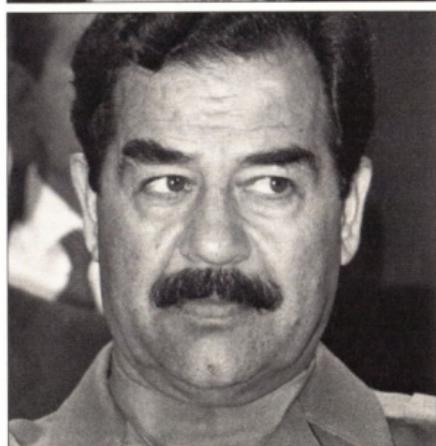
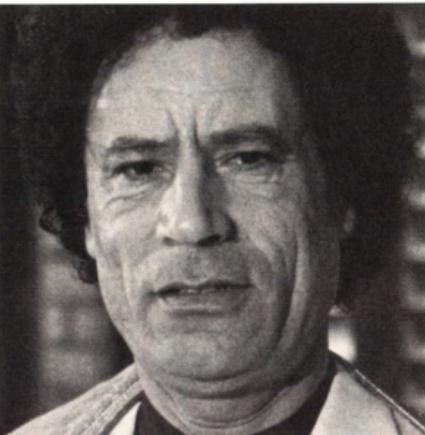
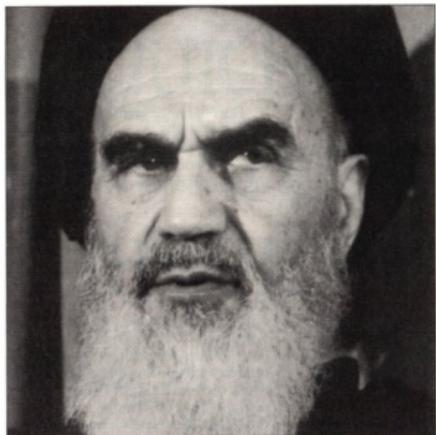


Photo Courtesy: Bettmann

If you're uneasy about nuclear electricity, consider the alternatives.

Over and over again, Middle East instability has threatened much of the world's energy supplies—including America's, where we now import over 40% of our oil. It's time this country achieved a balanced energy strategy that reduces our vulnerability to the whims of tyrants.

Nuclear energy is part of that strategy. With 112 plants licensed to operate in the U.S., nuclear-generated electricity already cuts America's oil imports by 740,000 barrels every day. That's more than we imported from Iraq and Kuwait before the war.

Still, we need more nuclear plants. To

meet America's growing electricity demands, and to bolster our independence from dangerously unstable energy sources. All without emitting any greenhouse gases or air pollutants. For more information, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 66080, Dept. OT01, Washington, D.C. 20035.

Nuclear energy means more energy independence.

LETTERS

THE SIMPLE LIFE

"The simple life reflects a need to re-establish control of our lives."

Peter V. Fossel, Editor Country Journal
Harrisburg, Pa.



The simple life is not a low-budget alternative to the complex life [LIVING, April 8]. It embodies a deep-set system of personal values, attitudes, behaviors and goals. These do not automatically appear because someone has failed at "the complex life" or come face to face with its deadening requirements. The simple life is not an escape ramp off the fast track. Those who approach it without some level of personal metamorphosis will surely discover they have opted for a different kind of dead end.

Lawrence Bois
Pittsfield, Me.

The soul of our quest for the simple life may lie far deeper than polls reveal. The simple life reflects a need to re-establish control of our lives. It shows that we're capable of accomplishing more than we thought—that we can build a table or a house with our own hands, run a store, plant tomatoes or play with children. We can laugh, wonder and depend on our common sense.

Peter V. Fossel, Editor
Country Journal
Harrisburg, Pa.

How wonderful that people have learned money cannot buy happiness and that they have given up high-paying, high-powered careers to enjoy the simple life. They are lucky they have the choice. The majority of us live the simple life because that is all we can do.

Tina Porod
Marinette, Wis.

How ludicrous to think the behavior of a few repentant yuppies constitutes a pervasive movement in America. It sounds as if these lucky folks are taking a break made possible by their once inflated salaries.

Lois Deming Hedman
Chicago

I'm writing to correct a misstatement in your article "The Simple Life." You categorized Rolex as a "then" product, implying that Americans have decided that Rolex is not appropriate for the "now." The fact is, we can't make enough Rolex watches to fill the demand for them—a demand that is growing in the U.S. and worldwide. Then or now, Americans always seek out products of enduring quality.

André J. Heiniger, Chief Executive Officer
Montres Rolex
Geneva

Who are you kidding? Those yuppies who are scaling down are simply taking early retirement.

Crystal Jarek
Fort Myers, Fla.

Here it is 2 a.m., and I've already delivered two babies tonight, and I'm working on 30 straight hours without sleep. I'm reading this article on the simple life and thinking, Wouldn't it be nice to have a farm somewhere and enjoy the simpler things life has to offer? Maybe tomorrow I'll look into it! Oh! That's my patient shouting. Got to go. It was a nice diversion, anyway.

Richard Levine, M.D.
Wyckoff, N.J.

At 42, I decided to retire from medicine and begin Ph.D. studies in mathematics. I settled in a small college town 10 miles from the nearest interstate. The kids can walk to school; I bike to class. Life can truly be a feast.

Robert Ingle, M.D.
Corvallis, Ore.

Navigating Through Society

In referring to her own education in "Teach Diversity—with a Smile" [ESSAY, April 8], Barbara Ehrenreich seems to overlook the fact that she was given the tools with which to satisfy her curiosity about other cultures: reading, writing and libraries. If she has a limited view of American history, perhaps the failure lies not in the schools but in what she did not take

away from them. It can be horrifying to compare what students are taught with what they appear to have learned.

Le Stark
Houston

Hurrah for Ehrenreich! She is correct, politically and otherwise. We should all lighten up. You may call me either "disabled" or "differently abled." Just be sure to provide the ramps.

Alice Metegrano
Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Two Warsaw Uprisings

In your story about the treatment of Iraq's Kurds [NATION, April 8], you point out the parallel some draw with the 1944 Warsaw uprising. Your analogy is correct, but the facts are wrong. There were two unsuccessful uprisings. The Warsaw ghetto revolt occurred in April 1943, when the remaining Jews of Warsaw rose up against the Nazis. Then in 1944, responding to the Soviets' call, the Polish population of all Warsaw rose up to help them liberate Warsaw from the Germans, but were betrayed and destroyed when the Soviet troops halted just outside the city.

Lawrence H. Wallach
West Bloomfield, Mich.

A High Price to Pay

Bruce Nelan's article "How Moscow and Beijing Lost the War" [WORLD, April 1] correctly reasons that high-technology weapons and tactics won the war and rendered numerical superiority meaningless. The Japanese will probably take a keen interest in this lesson. With its economic might and high-tech industries, Japan could very well become the world's premier military and economic power within 20 years if it chooses to militarize.

Art Baumgartner
New York City

In your assessment, Moscow and Beijing were unable to compete militarily with the U.S. because "their economies were not up to the task." Neither is ours. To create the greatest military machine on earth, we have sacrificed health care for millions of our citizens, food for our children, housing for our homeless and education for our youth, and we have surrendered our inner cities to drugs and crime.

Rosalie Laune
New Haven, Mo.

Politically Correct Appliance

Your article "Now They Tell Us!" [NATION, April 8], about woodsmoke pollution and wood stoves, presents a limited, distorted part of an interesting and important story—the successful efforts of the woodstove industry to clean up its act. It is a dis-

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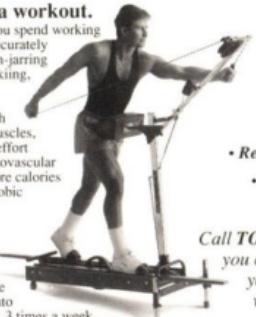
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LETTERS

service to the American public and the wood-stove industry not to discuss new, clean-burning, EPA-certified wood stoves. In the case of woodsmoke pollution, industry and government are working together successfully to clean up the air.

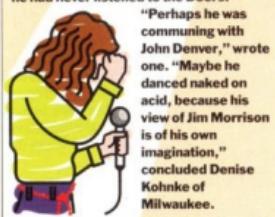
Carter Keithley, Executive Director
Wood Heating Alliance
Washington

You assert that "people never realized how dirty" wood stoves are. Not true. Most of us working in energy-related fields knew that as early as 1974, if not sooner.

Jay M. Pasachoff
Williamstown, Mass.

Wallowing in the Mire

Richard Corliss's review of *The Doors*, "Come On, Baby, Light My Fizzle" [CINEMA, March 11], brought moans from 73 readers, making it the most criticized TIME movie review in recent memory. Most were appalled by the assertion that musically the *Doors* "were close to negligible, with one compelling tune." Wrote William McEwen, Indian Shores, Fla.: "The *Doors* produced seven, count 'em, seven gold albums." Asked another fan: "What about *Riders on the Storm* or *The End*?" Shar Angeli of Venice, Calif., threatened, "'Jim's gonna get ya for this one.'" Many wondered where our reviewer could have been in the late '60s and early '70s, speculating that possibly he had never listened to the *Doors*.



"Perhaps he was communing with John Denver," wrote one. "Maybe he danced naked on acid, because his view of Jim Morrison is of his own imagination," concluded Denise Kohnke of Milwaukee.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to:

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CRITICS' VOICES

BY TIME'S REVIEWERS / Compiled by Andrea Sachs



ART

ART OF THE YIXING POTTER, Indianapolis Museum of Art, Indianapolis. More than 100 16th through 20th century ceramic tea containers from the Yixing region of China are on display, many decorated with plant and animal designs and engraved poetry. Through June 30.

ETERNAL METAPHORS: NEW ART FROM ITALY, the High Museum at Georgia-Pacific Center, Atlanta. Paintings, sculptures and drawings with Mediterranean overtones by nine contemporary Italian artists. Through May 31.



MUSIC

THE BEST OF JULUKA (Rhythm Safari). An object lesson in the benefits of culture shock. Johnny Clegg, a white South African obsessed with Zulu culture, and Sipho Mchunu, a black man infatuated with the rhythm of rock, made seven raving, ravishing Juluka albums between 1979

and 1985. This selection of highlights from that time still has mule-kick energy, a proud social conscience and a sound that's fresher than the day after tomorrow.

FRANK MORGAN: A LOVE-SOME THING (Antilles).

Ex-jaiibird Morgan continues his comeback—and feeds his legend—with another dazzling performance on the alto sax. Up-and-coming trumpet phenomenon Roy Hargrove, 21, makes an impressive guest appearance.

SING A TO Z (A&M) The toe-tapping, finger-snapping alphabet soup on this album, served up by the Canadian children's trio Sharon, Lois & Bram, gets the two-year-olds and thirty-somethings in the house wriggling. When did frog sounds, xylophones, yodeling and zithers ever sound this good?



TELEVISION

DINOSAURS (ABC, debuting April 26, 8:30 p.m. EDT). Meet the Sinclairs, a blue-collar suburban family with a difference: they're domesticated dinosaurs. From an idea by the late Jim Henson, this live-

action sitcom is set in the year 60,000,003 B.C. Any resemblance to our own society is purely intentional.

SWITCHED AT BIRTH (NBC, April 28-29, 9 p.m. EDT). Based on the true story of two infant girls accidentally exchanged in a Florida hospital and raised for a decade by the wrong parents, this four-hour mini-series stars Brian Kerwin, Ed Asner and the underappreciated Bonnie Bedelia.



MOVIES

OSCAR. Sylvester Stallone, in his first intentional comedy since *Rhinestone*, shows a light step as a recovering gangster in John Landis' Prohibition-era farce. Doors slam, satchels are snatched, offspring spring up, puns run amuck. It's all inex-cusable—and irresistible.

CROSS MY HEART. A 12-year-old's mother has died, and his schoolmates conspire to keep the tragedy a secret. In this comic essay on the desperate ingenuity of youth, director Jacques Fansten nicely reworks a long-held credo of French filmmakers: that child hood is both charmed and cursed.

SUPERSTAR. Andy Warhol's nonlife and odd times get a spiffy collage treatment from documentarian Chuck Workman. News and film clips mix with reminiscences from Andy's cheerfully perplexed family back in Pittsburgh. A few Warhol Factory workers show up, wry and rueful, eager to prove they survived it all.



BOOKS

PRESIDENT REAGAN: THE ROLE OF A LIFETIME by Lou Cannon (Simon & Schuster; \$24.95). This is not the Reagan book that everyone is talking about—though, oddly enough, from the same publisher—but

it is essential reading, compiled by a veteran journalist and Ronnie watcher, for anyone interested in the star politics of the 1980s.

DARK STAR by Alan Furst (Houghton Mifflin; \$22.95). Plot is less important in this impressive spy novel than description, the re-creation of the nightmarish tensions that erupted during the 1930s between Soviet NKVD agents and Stalin's Georgian thugs.



THEATER

I HATE HAMLET. Nicol Williamson may really be John Barrymore's ghost—he looks, sounds and swashbuckles like him as the bravura otherworldly mentor to a young TV star turned tragedian in this slight but fetching Broadway comedy.

ONLY THE TRUTH IS FUNNY. Jack Rollins and Charlie Joffe manage Woody Allen and David Letterman. Their new client, the first in more than a decade, is Rick Reynolds, whose lacerating autobiographical stand-up gets both laughs and tears off-Broadway.

ANOTHER TIME. Albert Finney on Broadway would be event enough, but in Chicago? At the Steppenwolf troupe's new home, he repeats his London triumph in this play by Ronald Harwood (*The Dresser*) about a South African piano prodigy battling his heritage.



ETCETERA

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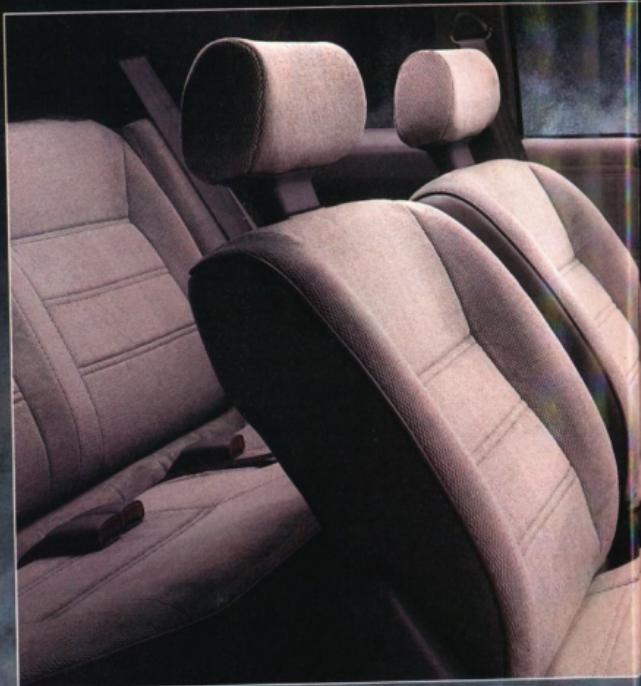
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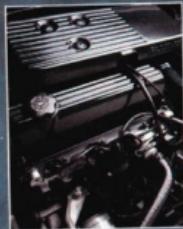
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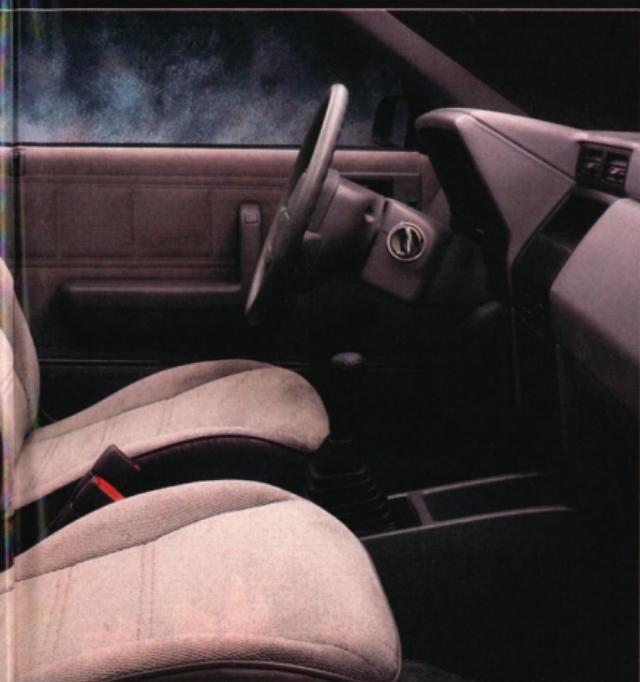


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I N S U R A N C E

AMERICAN SCENE

Dillon, Montana

The Rising Sun Meets the Big Sky

After buying a U.S. cattle ranch, a Japanese meat company sends its managers to train in the saddle alongside American cowpokes



By TODD BREWSTER

At the Lazy 8 ranch outside Dillon, Mont., a handful of tired cowboys shuffle into the calving barn for lunch. Troy Seilbach hangs up his spurs. Charlie Carpenter opens a thermos of coffee, and Blue, a dirty mixed-breed dog with a heavy pant, positions himself for a fallen crumb from one of the cowboys' Baggies-wrapped sandwiches. Emblazoned on the luncheon room's white wall is a hastily drawn map of Japan.

The map is the remnant of the previous week's spontaneous noontime discussion, during which the two newest cowboys—who hail not from Bozeman or Butte but from Tokyo and Ehime prefecture—attempted to explain the geography of their native country. "Damn! 120 million people in a place the size of Montana," says Dillon native Jim Cherney, 28, as he looks at the map. "That's a lot of people."

"Lot of people," repeats Hidehisa Mori, 29. Mori, who says he grew up watching dubbed Clint Eastwood and John Wayne movies, proudly tugs at his black Stetson and sticks his thumbs over his rattlesnake-buckle belt. Only the Japanese-English dictionary sticking out of his shirt pocket spoils a perfect Marlboro-man look.

When the news came two years ago that the Lazy 8, a 77,000-acre property that stretches 40 miles south of Dillon to within roping distance of the Idaho border, had been bought for \$12.3 million by a Japa-

nese meat company called Zenchiku, there was much the same outcry that has accompanied more visible Japanese acquisitions like CBS Records, Columbia Pictures and Rockefeller Center. What made things worse was that the purchase was Zenchiku's way of capitalizing on a relaxation of trade barriers that was meant to help American cattle companies. For a while, as word of the sale passed through town, dark clouds of xenophobia hung over Dillon. But now that East has met West, cowboy to cowboy, tensions have eased. "Anyone want a rice cookie?" asks Mori as he and his co-workers begin to eat. "I'll trade some Hershey's Kisses," says Seilbach.

Mori and his compatriot, Kazuhiru Soma, are here as part of an apprenticeship program established by Zenchiku. In order to better understand how American ranches work, and for their American ranchers to better understand the kind of beef that Japanese consumers will buy, the company has begun sending over young sales managers to work for two years each as American cowboys. Beef is a delicacy in Japan—selling for as much as \$180 a pound. Since it is used in small amounts, the consumer prefers a high-quality, marbled meat filled with the intermuscular fat that America's health-conscious buyers avoid. Teaching breeders at the Lazy 8 about Japanese preferences is Mori's and Soma's job. Teaching "Harry" and "Kaz," as they are called here, about roping calves and herding bulls is the job of cowpunchers

like Cherney, Carpenter, Seilbach and Dick Chaffin.

"The first thing that struck me about Montana was the sky," says Kaz, between spoonfuls of rice and seaweed. "There's so much of it, much more than Japan. For days after I arrived, I would wander out onto the ranch late at night and look up at the stars. So many stars!" The next thing that struck Kaz hit a little harder. Assigned to wrestle his first calf, the newcomer reverted to the only technique he knew—judo—and landed in the dirt. "I tried leg sweeps," he says, "only I had forgotten that they have four legs—two too many."

Never having traveled out of Japan before, both men were taken aback by American casualness. "I was puzzled by the name Lazy 8," says Harry. "To us 'lazy' means only 'lazy,' as in sleeping off the saki. Now I know that 'lazy' can also mean 'laid-back.'" Kaz, for his part, found the relationship between boss and worker hard to fathom. Used to bowing when meeting a superior, he now greets John Morse, the third-generation Montanan hired to run the Lazy 8, by shouting "Hi, John!" "Yeah, Kaz, you guys gotta get rid of that junk," says Chaffin, offering a lesson in American egalitarianism between bites of a roast beef sandwich. "People who run things aren't any better than us. They just make more money."

Harry has become enamored of the American way of life, sporting a bumper sticker on his Ford Bronco II that reads HAVE A NICE DAY in Japanese, and dreaming of staying on in Montana beyond his two-year stint. While they have become proficient at roping calves, building fences, pitching hay and loading oats, both men say the best part of their experience has been the horseback riding. "Out on the plains, galloping along, I feel like a real cowboy," says Kaz. "But you sure as hell don't look like one!" jokes Chaffin as the room resounds with laughter.

"We've had our problems," says Carpenter, loading a plate of spaghetti and meatballs into the microwave. "But they mostly relate to language. These guys know some English, but they don't know

TODD BREWSTER



Soma, left, and Mori are learning to rope cattle and refine American beef for Japanese palates

For a while, as word of the sale passed through town, dark clouds of xenophobia hung over Dillon



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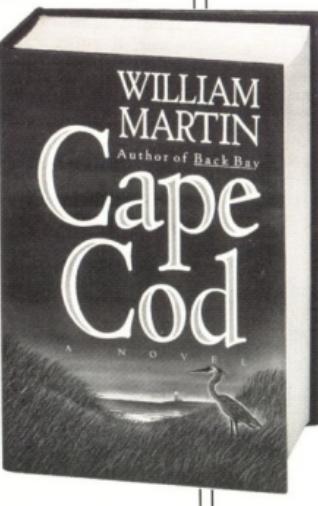
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—Kirkus Reviews

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AMERICAN SCENE

American slang, and cowboys use a lot of slang, much of it unprintable." There was, for instance, some misunderstanding involving the word bull. Kaz and Harry arrived thinking it meant the male bovine, but when Carpenter and others say "that's a lot of bull," they may not be referring to cattle. "I don't always want to look everything up," admits Harry, who attends English classes at nearby Western Montana College. "So sometimes I pretend to understand when I don't."

While some people still express resentment at the ranch's sale, most have accepted Zenchiku as a friendly presence. Morse feels that any remaining suspicion toward the company is similar to the feelings townspeople would have had about any outsider. "They're as worried about Californians," he says, noting that the previous owner, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., is based in New York City—a place hardly more familiar to Montanans than Tokyo.

One factor in the change of mood was Zenchiku's willingness to invest locally. The company gave \$10,000 to the hospital, and buys much of its farm machinery from the local John Deere outlet. Jackets and hats sporting the Zenchiku logo were given to each of the employees, who sometimes wear them out to the local saloons. Zenchiku has even sponsored their own bowling team, though neither of the Japanese ranchers participates. "I prefer martial arts," says Kaz, who teaches judo to a handful of Montanans in town.

Still, not all of Zenchiku's decisions have been greeted warmly. Attempts by Morse to introduce Japanese consensus-management principles to the Lazy 8 were met with a less than enthusiastic response from the American cowboys. A "cowboy forum," in which the group met weekly to air their grievances and offer opinions on how the ranch might be better managed, quickly dissolved. "We move cattle," shrugs Seilbach. "How much is there to talk about?" Attempts to computerize the operation—tagging each animal with a different number to follow their progress from birth through slaughter—did catch on, despite the cowboys' grumbling. "An experienced cowboy knows much more than any computer," says Seilbach, "but that's the future. It's not just the Japanese either—everybody's taking the cowboy skills away from the cowboy."

The crisp cold of a Montana winter afternoon creeps through the doorway as the cowboys prepare to go out and sort some more cattle. "Yeah, I hope to get to Japan someday," says Chaffin, donning his spurs. "Not me," says Seilbach. "I don't think I could take all those crowds." The group listens silently as Harry and Kaz tell horror stories about sardine-packed subway cars and hotel rooms the size of cots. "Lot of people," concludes Harry, to heads nodding in agreement. "Here? A lot of sky." ■

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

THE EMERGING NEW SOUTH AFRICA





THE NEW SOUTH AFRICA

by State President Frederik W. de Klerk

This is a momentous and historical time for South Africa. We have turned our backs on the past; a totally new political future awaits us. My Government and I have committed ourselves to work for a political order based on just, democratic and universally acceptable principles. Our goal is to establish a new South Africa free from all forms of domination, oppression or discrimination.

Important strides have already been taken towards this goal. Over 100 racially discriminating laws and regulations have been scrapped, and no other measures with the same purpose will be instituted. There is every reason to believe that the laws which have become known as the cornerstones of apartheid, namely the Group Areas Act, the Land Acts and the Population Registration Act, will have been scrapped by the date of publication of this article. If not, there is no doubt that this will have been done by June this year before parliament adjourns. Following the release of Mr Nelson Mandela in February, 1990, there was a continuous process of releasing political prisoners and detainees. The envisaged date for the completion of this process, also in terms of an agreement with the ANC, is April 30. Whether this goal can be fully realized in time, will depend on the cooperation and timorous compliance with agreed procedures by those affected. The State of Emergency has been repealed, and all detainees held in terms thereof have been released. The ANC, and other previously banned organizations, have been unbanned and freedom of political expression has become the order of the day. My Government has committed itself to a process of negotiation with all political parties with a recognized constituency with a view to formulating a new constitution enjoying majority support. My party is now open to all South Africans irrespective of race, color or creed. With the adoption of the Pretoria Minute an accord was reached between the Government and the ANC which opened the way to proceed towards negotiations on a new constitution.

In its resolve to create a new South Africa, the Government has set itself a demanding agenda, full of risks. It has to contend with ever-rising expectations, radicalism at both ends of the polit-

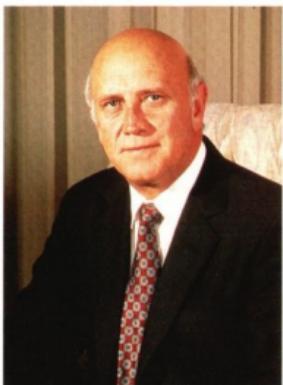
ical spectrum, political violence, intimidation and poverty, aggravated by sanctions and other punitive measures. To overcome these difficulties we need, above all, a strong economy. More equity in our society is essential and this goal can only be reached by strong economic growth and greater allocation of resources to the needy. South Africa has the potential to provide higher living standards to all its people. My government is working hard to remove remaining stumbling blocks in the path of this ideal. I hope that this year will also see the end of externally imposed restrictions on our economic development.

I am greatly encouraged by the overwhelmingly positive international reaction to the initiatives I announced on February 1. Compliments were received from political leaders worldwide. The irreversibility of the process of change in South Africa is now being accepted.

What kind of new South Africa do we aim for? In political terms I believe in universal franchise and a power-sharing formula not dissimilar to that of the US. I say yes to one person-one vote, but no to a winner-take-all model. The political philosophy espoused by Madison in the Federalist Papers concerning checks and balances in order to avoid the tyranny of the majority is also my philosophy. This, I believe, offers the best guarantee for a just and democratic South Africa. The pluralistic nature of our society and its potential for inter-group conflict leaves us little other alternative.

The basic principles my party stands for are clearly stated in our February 1 manifesto – universally acceptable principles on which the future democratic South Africa could be built. At the negotiation table, we will strive to convince other parties to join us in the pursuit of these principles. For they can form a binding factor for our society and our new nation.

South Africa has embarked on a great new endeavour. This endeavour could perhaps be compared in socio-political terms to the great transformation America went through at the time of its Civil Rights Movement. I am deeply convinced that Americans will understand our challenge and lend support to the new future we are working towards.



STATE PRESIDENT FREDERIK W. DE KLERK



BREAKING OUT OF ISOLATION

by Roelof F. Botha, Minister of Foreign Affairs

The process of fundamental reform in South Africa set in motion with State President de Klerk's historic speech at the opening of Parliament on February 2 last year, and given further impetus by his Parliamentary address of February 1 this year, has changed South Africa's international situation dramatically. The pariah status and isolation which hampered our country for many years, are giving way to international acceptance and understanding. Already during President de Klerk's visits to Europe, the US and several African countries in 1990, it was evident that South Africa was seen in a different light. Leaders of the European Community hailed Mr de Klerk's reforms as courageous and sincere, while President Bush, receiving Mr de Klerk at the White House last September, publicly declared that the reforms taking place in South Africa were irreversible.

The favorable reaction by world leaders as well as the international media to President de Klerk's announcement that all remaining discriminatory legislation would be removed from the statute books, reinforced this trend. One of the most significant responses came from the European Community's Council of Ministers, which announced that the EC would start easing the sanctions adopted in 1986 as soon as legislative action had been initiated to repeal remaining discriminatory laws.

The irreversibility of the reform process in South Africa is now being accepted worldwide. Sanctions are withering away. The anti-apartheid industry is becoming more and more irrelevant and is facing insolvency. New realities are replacing former antagonisms: the demise of communism and the dawn of democracy in Eastern Europe have led to new relationships between South Africa and countries such as Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Romania, Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union, not only on the diplomatic level, but also in trade and technological exchange. Doors all over Africa are being opened.

New missions will shortly be established in several African countries. South Africa's relationship with the rest of the African continent, and in particular the Southern African region, remains of prime importance in our international position. Africa needs effectively-managed development more than ever before. With the world's attention focused on the Middle East, Central and Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, South Africa is in a unique position to play an important role in this regard. With its well established economy backed by a sophisticated infrastructure and a wealth of entrepreneurial and technological expertise, South

Africa is the natural cornerstone of economic development in Southern Africa. The growing pragmatism shown by African leaders and their increasing acceptance of a changing South Africa as a partner in development is opening up exciting new prospects.

South Africa has never asked for any foreign aid, and it is not our intention to do so. But only a strong and growing economy can allow us to improve the living standards of our own people and to play a constructive role in developing our region. Sanctions and boycotts severely limit this capacity. They no longer serve their purpose - to abolish apartheid. They only serve to increase unemployment, slow economic growth and development. New foreign capital investment, access to international



PRESIDENT DE KLERK VISITED THE US, EUROPE AND MANY AFRICAN COUNTRIES IN 1990

money markets and a free exchange in science and technology could make a vast difference.

South Africa is entering an exciting new era both in its internal situation and as an integral part of Southern Africa and the world. There are vast human, mineral and economic resources waiting to be developed. Important new projects are already underway as a result of new relationships brought about by a new South Africa. It is in everyone's interest, not least that of the American entrepreneur and investor, to become part of it.



AROUND THE TABLE

by Hugh Murray

Most South Africans believed that when the crunch of negotiating a democratic future came, the right men would emerge to fashion a new constitution. It seems their faith has been justified. In spite of some serious problems ahead the stage has been set for transition to a society based on universal franchise. The Nationalist government was once rightly accused by its primarily black opposition of dragging its heels. But even the most acid critic of the South African government would now concede that President de Klerk has moved with breathtaking speed demolishing the pillars of apartheid within months. The leading roles in negotiations are clearly those of President de Klerk and Dr Nelson Mandela. Their futures and the kind of constitution that emerges, depends on what support each can muster. The key seems to be the securing of the moral high ground. It is here that perceptions are critical.

De Klerk seems to have a central purpose: to redirect resources and thus secure peace and economic vitality which will doubtless strongly appeal to a fairly large number of middle class blacks. Broadening their marketability means that the Nationalists will have to narrow further the gap between government and the ANC on economic issues. Jobs and incomes for blacks are top priority in De Klerk's mind and while he continues to support vigorously free enterprise as the cornerstone of a new South Africa, he accepts the need for debate on economic structure. The critical impasse remains, however, in the area of constitutional guarantees on group rights. The Government appears to be moving in the direction of individual protection through a Bill of Rights, rather than rigid demarcation of communities. Perhaps the most profound irritation to the political establishment is the continuation of international sanctions against South Africa at a time when a generally sound economy needs to be developed since a collapse in the economy could render the country ungovernable in a relatively short time.

Whereas the government has had to shred the symbols of apartheid, the ANC is fortunate in having on its side the symbols of suffering. These make political capital, but maybe not enough to secure outright domination. Led by a fundamentally moderate

Dr Mandela, the ANC has to deal with the specter of radicalization in its ranks. Mandela senses the need for urgent rapprochement, but he cannot be seen to sell out too soon. The leadership of the ANC could then pass to mavericks. There is a growing awareness among all population groups that Mandela, like De Klerk, embodies the kind of political maturity which could lead on to fortune in a beleaguered land.

Ironically, the ANC could benefit from delays in the constitutional process. The black political spectrum in South Africa is more fragmented than is generally believed, and the legalization of all black opposition groups by the government in February last year has made this even more evident. The ANC needs to develop a "patriotic front" of blacks. Failure to achieve this, including a meeting of minds between ANC and Pan Africanist

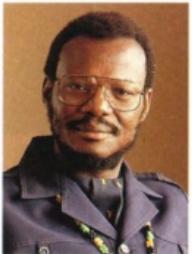
Congress leaders, could strip away some of the appeal needed by the ANC to strengthen its negotiating position.

Here the role of Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, leader of the Inkatha Freedom Party is paramount. He musters the support of the majority of South African's largest black nation - the Zulus, but was, until recently, completely estranged from the ANC. He could hold the balance of power. Committed to a market economy, and backed by evi-

dence that free market mechanisms are being made accessible to all South Africans, Chief Buthelezi and the government could still strike an important alliance. Furthermore, he is dead against sanctions.

De Klerk is committed to bringing all bona fide parties to the negotiating table. With South Africa having had its last white election, the right-wing Conservative Party is doomed to a spoilers role. The Democratic Party will endeavour to see that liberal values and the principles of clean government are upheld. As ever, it will remain a watchdog party. If all eyes are on De Klerk, Mandela and Buthelezi, that is appropriate. They are the leaders who, God willing, will decide South Africa's future.

Hugh Murray is founder and chairman of Leadership magazine. He arranged the historic first meeting between the ANC and South African business leaders, led by Gavin Relly, in Zambia on September 13, 1985.



CHIEF MANGOSUTHU BUTHELEZI (LEFT) AND DR NELSON MANDELA





A BLUE CHIP INVESTMENT

by John Patrick

South Africa enters a new phase of development in a world that has largely accepted that a free enterprise system is a more certain remedy for deprivation than a planned economy. This belief is likely to play a major role in the reshaping of South Africa in the 90s. In some respects, the sanctions imposed upon South Africa during the past two decades have worked to the country's advantage. They have forced the Government to impose strict monetary and financial disciplines. By 1990, South Africa's import growth rate had fallen to zero, and with exports at \$22.4 billion, the country's Balance of Payments surplus stands at a healthy \$2 billion. Net foreign debt outflows during the past two years were only \$2.2 billion, of which the bulk will be paid by the end of 1991 (alone among African nations, South Africa has never defaulted on its international debt obligations), and foreign reserves were up by about \$2 billion in 1990. The total 1990 GDP (over \$89 billion) although 1% down on the 1989 figure, still reflects a healthy productive capacity, and a 4% reduction in the rate of inflation in the same period (from 18.4% to 14.7%) demonstrates a willingness and ability to tackle the most insidious of economic ills.

The South African Government has encouraged a program of deregulation and privatization. The Deposit Taking Institutions

Act, passed earlier this year, is aimed at further enhancing stability in the financial services sector, and concentrates on the functions of institutions rather than their institutional status. It lays down requirements of capital adequacy and disclosure, and opens the door to expanded, deregulated, but sound financial services. Privatization, announced in 1988 and itself partly a response to the falling-off of foreign investment under sanctions, has proceeded more slowly, but the \$1.4 billion flotation of the Iron and Steel Corporation (ISCOR) in 1989 was massively oversubscribed, and produced a 50% increase in active private investors. Other candidates for privatization include the Phosphate Development Corporation (POSKOR) and the sorghum beer industry.

South Africa's vast mineral deposits speak for themselves – 80% of the world's manganese ore; 80% of the world's platinum group metals (PGMs); 50% of gold ore; 56% of chrome ore; 47% of vanadium and aluminum silicates; and 10% each of the world's nickel, coal, iron and titanium. The country's diamond deposits are vast, while production is equalled only by the USSR's, and in 1988/89 de Beers, now split into de Beers and Centenary, enjoyed another record year with a 38% rise in earnings to \$1.6 billion. Coal and the Platinum Group Metals will benefit from





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increased worldwide environmental concern. South Africa's coal has a low sulphur content, and needs less emission control to avoid high acid levels. South Africa is already the world's third largest coal exporter, and the Richards Bay coal terminal has recently been enlarged to cope with 48 million tonnes annually. The planned electrification of many new areas will stimulate domestic consumption of coal in the power stations. Platinum Group Metals, especially rhodium, are used in catalytic converters and will be increasingly in demand as the world's governments apply stricter exhaust control rules.

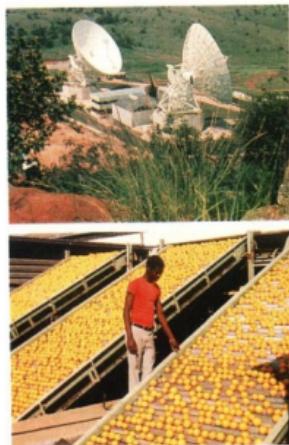
Mineral beneficiation holds out considerable prospects for South Africa. Chromium, nickel and manganese are all used in stainless steel. South Africa could well hope to account for 10% of the world's stainless steel products by the end of the decade, making it as important to the South African economy as gold. Already Highveld Steel and Samancor have initiated a \$770 million stainless steel joint venture, and many other downstream products can be developed in a similar way, heralding a new era for the manufacturing industry in South Africa, for instance, the deregulation of synthetic fuels opens the door to the development of petrochemical projects.

Social change will also make its impact on the economic sec-

tor. The abolition of the Land Acts and the Group Areas Act will lead to an increased flow of black labor from rural areas to the towns, expanding the domestic consumer base, giving more mobility to the labor force, and allowing for a more flexible development of the economy. Above all, South Africa has emerged from the past decade lean and fit – and a net exporter. The country has a natural market on its doorstep in sub-Saharan Africa, and one-third of the country's exports already go to other African countries. Indeed, South Africa is in a strong competitive position in its own continent – low transport costs, an efficient infrastructure, sophisticated financial markets, advanced technology, a dynamic private sector, and a big domestic market.

In spite of a phase of disinvestment, particularly in 1986-87, there is still an important foreign business presence in the country. South Africa welcomes the involvement of foreign businesses in the process of change on which it is embarking. It is of utmost importance for the sub-continent that South Africa should resolve its political problems to allow its economy to grow and develop. A prosperous South Africa will benefit the whole area. Other African states are watching South Africa's process of reform with interest, and hoping for political solutions and economic growth.

John Patrick is a business and economic freelance writer, based in London.





CONSERVING OUR NATURAL HERITAGE

by Dr John Hanks

South Africa is blessed with an extraordinary celebration of biological diversity. With habitats ranging from desert through rainforest to alpine tundra, the country has the richest plant and animal life of any region of comparable size on earth, with over 20,300 species of flowering plants, 243 mammal and over 800 bird species.

Although only 8% of South Africa's 471,443 square miles are designated conservation areas, this remarkable network ensures the conservation of over 90% of the animal species, making it one of the most effective systems of its kind in the world. Formally conserved land is being increased all the time, and the conservation authorities are committed to ensuring that all major ecosystems are represented in these protected areas.

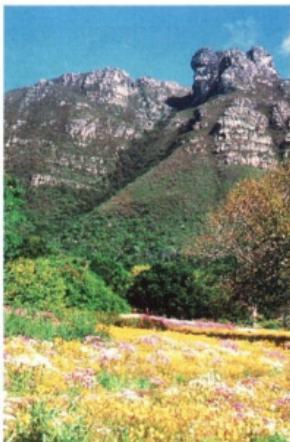
South Africa has long recognized that conservation means far more than protected area establishment and single species preservation. It is the only country in the African continent actively engaged in afforestation as part of its vigorous conservation and ecological protection policies. In a continent where 30 trees are cut down for every one planted, and where desertification threatens over 1.9 million square miles, formally protected areas are unlikely to survive when they are surrounded by degraded rural environments and widespread poverty.

To overcome these problems, conservation agencies are increasingly entering into partnerships with the private sector and with local communities, placing emphasis on programs which address such issues as human survival, alleviating poverty, improving the quality of life, and promoting sustainable development. The private sector in South Africa has an enviable record for raising funds for conservation projects. Last year non-government organizations spent over \$4.8 million on field activities, an achievement few other countries can equal.

The most exciting recent development has been the introduction of innovative projects which place emphasis on participation by local communities, an essential prerequisite being the involvement of local people in decision-making on the management of indigenous resources. Such moves give conservation a human face, and address the needs of impoverished people.

With climate and topography ranging through desert, semi-desert, savanna, temperate grassland and Mediterranean to subtropical forest, South Africa can support a wide variety of crops and livestock. No other country embraces the farming of African wild animals at one end of the spectrum, and a flourishing, cultivated and ancient wine industry at the other.

Dr John Hanks is Chief Executive of the South African Nature Foundation.





A WORLD IN ONE COUNTRY

by P. Van Hoven, Chairman, SATOUR

A major event on the South African tourist calendar, with shades reminiscent of Dixieland and the New Orleans Mardi Gras, takes place annually in and around Cape Town on the first two days of the New Year. Characteristically, it is a popular celebration among the Cape folk people, marked by exuberant processions of brightly attired bards.

This year they struck a note symbolic of the processes of change introduced with vision by F.W. de Klerk in his bid for reform and a non-racial South Africa. Silhouetted against a backdrop of Table Mountain, a group of them, red fezzes identifying them as Malays, broke into strains of "Bridge Over Troubled Waters". This song was the one chosen by the American pop star, Lovelace Watkins, when he became an unprecedented hit in South Africa two decades ago.

The zeal for reform and change is apparent within the tourist industry, notably in the official launch by SATOUR (The South African Tourism Board) of "Project Tourism 2000", a drive to get the maximum number of people, formerly unaccustomed to travel, on the move within the country by the end of the decade.

While this is a realistic move offering all domestic tourists "a window to the world", foreign-tourists cannot quarrel with the Tourism Board's slogan calling South Africa "A World in One

Country". Wildlife, offering more game species than anywhere on the African continent, is a major drawcard. Scenery and climate remain high on the tourist's list of priorities. So does culture.

If culture and the environment are the currency of tourism, it is small wonder that it is strongly tipped to outstrip gold and reveal a touch of Midas as the country's major foreign exchange earner. Opportunities for investment are legion. Development of the leisure industry over the next 10 years will be dynamic, and increasingly competitive. The blueprint formulated encourages deregulation, private enterprise, creativity and innovation in a thrust that will provide jobs for thousands of workers.

South Africa is blessed with stunning scenery – mountain ranges soaring above valleys and vineyards; rolling panoramas of tropical forest and lush pasture, and light golden deserts that dazzle with blossoms in spring. Its coastline, washed by the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic, has some of the world's finest surfing and bathing beaches. Its cities range from Johannesburg with its bustle and cosmopolitan culture to the more rarefied beauties of Cape Town, shadowed by Table Mountain.

With further reforms announced in February, South Africa's overseas reputation can only improve. In 1991 and onwards, its travel industry can confidently expect the country to become the next boom destination.





BUSINESS COMMENTS

"South Africa can be said in many ways to now have a clean slate on which to write its future, but it will not be able to write a promising future unless it is sustained in its efforts by material, psychological and technical support from those countries which have historically contributed to its development.

It is essential for the country that foreign business presence, particularly by United States companies, should build back increasingly into our affairs, not just for immediate financial reasons, but because of its knowhow and experience and also because, in America's case, its leadership position in the world is a vital factor in any consideration of our regional and continental relationships."

Gavin Relly, Past Chairman of the Anglo American Corporation.

"Business is the best-placed of society's institutions to effectively and responsibly address issues of change. It has to advance imaginative proposals that ensure an equitable and just distribution of the generated wealth of the country. Business must begin to transform itself from white business to South African business, reflective of the values, aspirations and interests of a broad South African community."

Willie Ramoshaba, Leader of the South African Black Business Mission to the United States, September, 1990.

"The American business community operating in South Africa which consists of 130 companies with an asset base of US\$2 billion, has been at the cutting edge of social change in the country both by its opposition to the apartheid system and through its lobbying activities against US sanctions which were placed upon South Africa.

To reverse the effect placed upon South Africa by the disinvestment of 154 US corporations, the Comprehensive Anti-Apartheid Act of 1986 and the Rangel Double Taxation Amendment must be scrapped at the earliest opportunity. South Africa is an investment prospect which needs to be considered as it has the capacity to serve as the base to launch products into the under-served Southern African market of 120 million people.

Unlike Eastern Europe, South Africa has a tradition of a market economy, a stock market, legal structures, bidding and trading practices, a development banking system and a modern communications and transportation infrastructure, which are incomparable on the African continent."

Wayne Mitchell, Executive Director of the American Chamber of Commerce in South Africa.

THERE IS A NEW SOUTH AFRICA

by Harry Schwarz, SA Ambassador to Washington

A nyone who has followed the events in our country over the past few years will agree that changes have been both dramatic and irreversible. Irreversible not merely because our State President says so, but because of the tide of events which cannot be turned back; dramatic, because to those of us who have fought apartheid over decades State President de Klerk's actions have been courageous, unequivocal and swift, and beyond the expectations of most. Much remains to be done, in particular, difficult negotiations require to be conducted in good faith.

Having been together with Americans in time of war and peace, I would like to turn personal friendship into good relations between our

respective countries. When apartheid goes, I ask the American people then not to ignore us. We seek and need the help of people of goodwill to achieve for our people rights under our new constitution, no less than those which Americans

enjoy under theirs, and an economic system which is in accordance with the concepts which have been tried and proven in the West and which will give all South Africans opportunities not previously available.

Investment in our country is not an act of charity, it is a real opportunity to the investor and entrepreneur of the US. We have both the markets and the resources. While economic growth will benefit our people it will bring profits to the industrialist and businessman.



HARRY SCHWARZ

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GRAPEVINE

By DAVID ELLIS/Reported by Sidney Urquhart



An Offer He Could Refuse

General Norman Schwarzkopf returns home this week to a hero's welcome—and that has some disgruntled military colleagues anxious to amend the record. They say that contrary to many reports, Schwarzkopf was never in line to be Army Chief of Staff. Top Pentagon officials contend that the general was offered—and rejected—an appointment as Supreme Allied Commander for Europe. The general turned down the NATO job, they assume, largely because he realized that it has become less important in the post-cold war era. Some top brass consider Schwarzkopf too merciful for the bureaucratic Army job and aren't shedding many tears over his decision to retire. Could the lucrative private-sector offers that Schwarzkopf has received, along with a possible honorary knighthood from Queen Elizabeth II, have anything at all to do with the sniping?

Open Borders, Sealed Accounts

Western businessmen aren't the only people who view Eastern Europe as a growth area. Drug traffickers have already chosen the region as a prime spot to launder money, according to U.S. drug enforcement officials. The local banks lack modern record-keeping systems; to make matters worse, some government officials want to establish confidential numbered accounts to attract hard currency. Justice Department

operatives are quietly contacting their East European counterparts to warn them that secrecy laws will almost certainly bring in the kind of tainted cash that regularly flows to Panama and the Caribbean.

Seems Like Old Times . . .

The Bush Administration is considering rewarding the Iranian government for its gulf war neutrality by allowing the export of U.S. satellite technology to the fundamentalist regime. Iran wants to build a \$1.3 billion domestic communications system and aims to buy American hardware and engineering experience. Many European firms have already made bids for satellite contracts, but the Iranians extended the deadline in the hope that U.S.-based companies would be allowed to enter the fray.

... Having You To Talk With

Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak has consistently ignored Muammar Gaddafi's repeated calls to merge the two countries in a pan-Arab union. But economic necessity is drawing Egypt and Libya closer together



In the interest of improved relations, Mubarak is shrugging off the Libyan's antics. (A recent Gaddafi stunt: using a tractor to demolish an Egyptian border post.) Earlier this month, when Mubarak visited Tripoli for a 12-hour summit, the Egyptian leader said his

country welcomed economic cooperation with Libya and expressed predictable support for "the rights of the brotherly Palestinian people." Western diplomats say Gaddafi may return the favor by allowing as many as 1 million Egyptians to seek employment in Libya.

It's Hard To Find Good Help

Congressman Robert Dornan, a California Republican, is avidly pushing a proposal he feels would benefit both the stricken Kuwaiti economy and the thousands of Vietnamese languishing in camps all over southeast Asia. "The Vietnamese refugees," wrote Dornan to the Emir of Kuwait, "are people in need of a country. Kuwait, on the other hand, is a country in need of people." Dornan believes that Kuwait's labor pool should not be replenished by Palestinians and Yemenis who, he says, "betrayed their Arab brothers by cheering Saddam's invasion." Dornan, whose Orange County constituency has the largest concentration of Vietnamese in the U.S., insists the stateless Asians "have the ethic you always look for in guest workers."

Sometimes a Poll Is A Slippery Thing

Religion is a dicey subject for humor: just ask Arswendo Atmowiloto, editor of the now defunct Jakarta newspaper *Monitor*. The tabloid had asked readers to vote for Indonesia's most "admirable public figures." More than 600 names were sent in on 33,900 postcards. President Suharto led with 5,003 votes, and a variety of government officials, pop stars and even Saddam Hussein filled out the top nine slots. Arswendo finished 10th, just ahead of the Prophet Muhammad. *Monitor* reporters had warned their boss to leave Islam's founder off the list, and now Arswendo is paying for his lack of caution. The editor has been sentenced to five years in prison for blasphemy and fined \$5,200 for equating Muhammad with ordinary mortals. One consolation for Muslims: with only five votes, Jesus Christ did not make the list. ■

Republican Rebounds

Lost an election? Looking for a new job? No problem, if you're a Republican. George Bush is making a habit of employing G.O.P. candidates after they've lost elections. The President enjoyed a similar favor from Richard Nixon. After Bush lost a 1970 Texas Senate race to Lloyd Bentsen, he avoided political obscurity when Nixon made him ambassador to the United Nations.

Policitain	Setback	Reward
Edward Madigan	His Illinois House seat faced redistricting, forcing a primary run against a fellow Republican and friend, House minority leader Bob Michel.	Lobbied for, and was named, Secretary of Agriculture.
Patricia Saiki	After a pep talk from Bush, the Hawaii Representative unsuccessfully ran for the late Democratic Senator Spark Matsunaga's seat.	Appointed head of the Small Business Administration.
Lynn Martin	The Illinois Representative lost a lopsided Senate race against liberal Paul Simon.	The independent-minded legislator has replaced Labor Secretary Elizabeth Dole.
Jim Courter	The six-term Representative lost a disastrous campaign for New Jersey Governor.	Leads the presidential commission examining military-base closings.
Bob Martinez	The first-term Florida Governor lost a re-election bid to former Democratic Senator Lawton Chiles.	Succeeded William Bennett as the Administration's drug czar.

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NEW YORK	MILAN, ITALY	1	2	2
NEW YORK	BRUSSELS, BELGIUM	1	2	2
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FASTER TO MORE OF THE WORLD

The Trouble With Teddy

A shadow hovers over Kennedy's life—and recent U.S. history as well. That dark presence affects more than just his private life.

By LANCE MORROW

Tit is not entirely a nasty delight in gossip that makes people wonder about the character of Ted Kennedy.

The curiosity goes deeper than that. Kennedy somehow calls forth nagging mysteries of American politics and psychology. He is a lightning rod with strange electricities still firing in the air around him—passions that are not always his responsibility but may emanate from psychic disturbances in the country itself. America does not have a completely healthy relationship with the Kennedys.

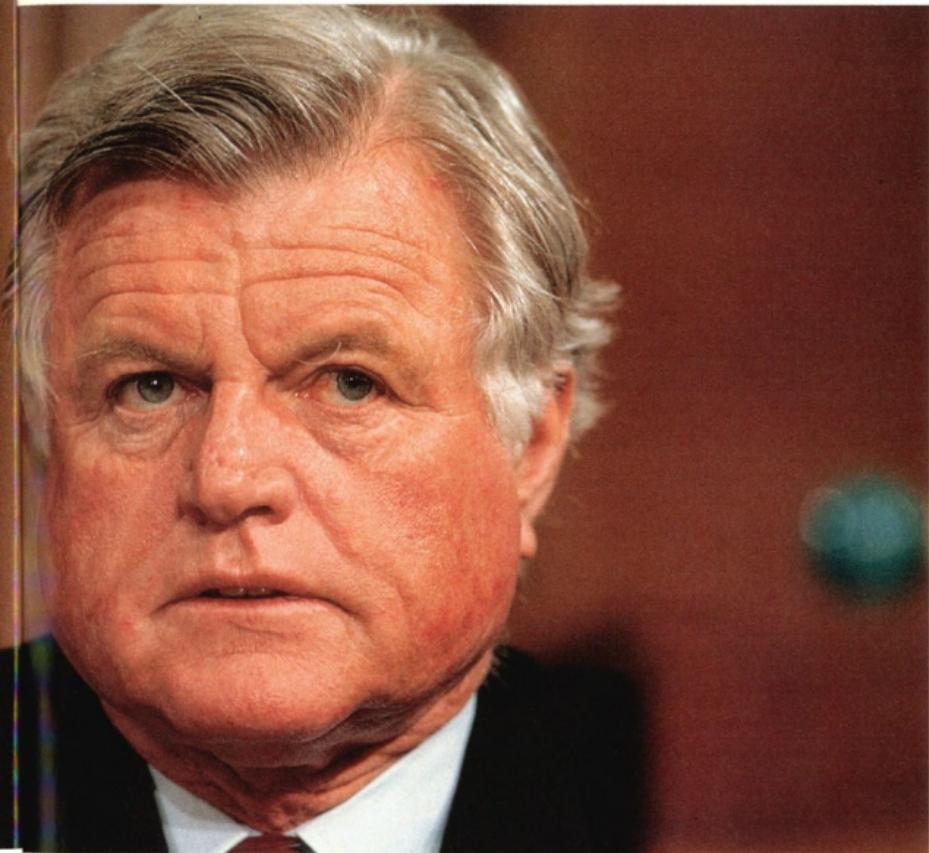
Ernest Hemingway wrote: "The most complicated subject that I know, since I am a man, is a man's life." Ted Kennedy is a complicated man. The picture of him as Palm Beach boozier, lout and tabloid grotesque is one version. He has other versions—more interesting selves. Alcohol, or some other compulsion, may drive him now and then to bizarre and almost infantile behavior. But Ted Kennedy also is a remarkable and serious figure.

Once, long ago, he was the Prince Hal of American politics: high-spirited, youthful, heedless. He never evolved, like Prince Hal, into the ideal king. Instead he did something that was in its way just as impressive. He became one of the great lawmakers of the century, a Senate leader whose liberal mark upon American government has been prominent and permanent. The tabloid version does not do him justice. The public that knows Kennedy by his misadventures alone may vastly underrate him.



But Kennedy lives under the rule of a peculiar metaphysic. He had to soldier on in the messy world after Camelot floated away into memory. Unlike his brothers, extinguished in their prime, Teddy would get older and coarser and lose some of the boyo's flashing charm. He would make mistakes. And—something that did not happen in Camelot—he would pay for them.

Perhaps his life was cracked after Bobby died, and Teddy found he was on his own and began to cross over from the powerful myth of his family into real time, which is intolerant of the bright and ideal. The fracture set a pattern of sharp contradiction: the "brief shining moment" would give way to long, sordid aftermaths. Greek tragedy ("the curse of the Kennedys") would degenerate into sleazy checkout-counter revelations ("Jack and Bobby and Marilyn"). The serious lawmaker in Ted Kennedy would turn now and then into a drunken, overage, frat-house boor, the statesman into a party animal, the romance of the Kennedys into a smelly, toxic mess. The family patriarch, the oldest surviving Kennedy male, would revert to fat, sloppy baby.



BENJAMIN BENNETT—CONTRA COSTA TIMES

The question is, Why? Was all this unhappy transformation the influence of metaphysics? Or was it alcohol? In any case, the shadow fell. Consider a string of hypotheses:

► If it had not been for alcohol, Chappaquiddick almost surely would never have happened: Ted Kennedy, that is, would not have driven off the Dike Bridge on Martha's Vineyard in the middle of one night in the summer of 1969, drowning a young campaign worker named Mary Jo Kopechne.

► Without Chappaquiddick, Teddy Kennedy would naturally have taken his place as leader of the Democratic Party, succeeding his assassinated brothers.

► In that case Teddy would probably have run for President against Richard Nixon in 1972. Kennedy might have lost that year (the incumbent has the advantage). But Ted would probably have run again in 1976 and won, then run for re-election in 1980 and served another four years.

► An eight-year Kennedy presidency might have run Ronald Reagan off the political road. Therefore no Reagan '80s. At least, one can make that case. Reagan in 1984 might have mo-

bilized a conservative reaction against the liberal eight-year Kennedy regime and won.

If . . . If . . . If . . . The exercise is fanciful. Maybe some other logic entirely was at work. Perhaps Ted did not want to run for President. As the youngest in an enormous family, Ted had Joe, John and Robert all lined up ahead of him to fulfill the ambassador's ambitions to put a son in the White House. Then, quite suddenly, he found himself at the head of the line. Maybe the man prone to accidents and to drinking too much was trying to escape the responsibility—to immunize himself from it by making a mess of his life. Prince Hal may have noticed that kings get slain.

In the '60s and '70s political writers ended their profiles of Ted by noting, "After all, he has lots of time. If he does not run this year, he will remain a plausible presidential candidate until the year 2000." No political writer advances that theory anymore.

But if Kennedy were to retire now, his accomplishment would be memorable. Almost all the major pieces of social

The brothers in 1962: for one brief, shining moment, their world was full of promise

Ted Kennedy had to soldier on in the messy world after Camelot floated away into memory. Unlike his brothers, Teddy would get older and coarser and lose some of the boyo's flashing charm. He would make mistakes. And—something that did not happen in Camelot—he would pay for them.



legislation in the past quarter-century bear his fingerprints. He has been the nation's leading advocate for the disabled, the aged, the less privileged. He has promoted the Voting Rights Act and its extensions, the Freedom of Information Act, the Occupational Safety and Health Act, the Eighteen-Year-Old Vote law, the Age Discrimination Act, the Americans with Disabilities Act, and the Act for Better Child Care, among others.

Ted Kennedy is the heart and conscience of traditional American liberalism, even in its present wan and dormant state. Judith Lichtman, president of the Women's Legal Defense Fund, has worked with Kennedy for 25 years on civil rights, sex discrimination, health care and child care. Says Lichtman: "He's the best legislator I know. He's up early, works all day and calls in the middle of the night to make sure he's got it right."

Kennedy has a superb staff of some 100 people who organize his ideas and initiatives. Those who watch Kennedy at work on Capitol Hill observe a stamina, energy, attention to detail and intellectual alertness that contradict the image of Kennedy as a feckless drinker. An alcoholic, especially at the age of 59 after years of habitual drinking, often finds it difficult to keep up with his work, or to keep a job at all. Alcohol punishes brain and body and wears them down.

Kennedy, on the other hand, is a man of astonishing physical resources and resilience. Orrin Hatch, the conservative Utah Republican, is a Kennedy friend who has sometimes, kiddingly or not, remonstrated with Ted for his excesses. But Hatch calls Kennedy "an indefatigable worker." Last week, as chairman of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, Kennedy met until after midnight with the Bush Administration, railroad management and the union to work out an agreement to end the railroad workers' strike. Hatch, who had a hand in writing the legislation, said, "His brothers were great human beings, but they couldn't carry his shoes as a legislator."

The tabloid version makes bar crawling seem like Ted Kennedy's main recreation. In fact, Kennedy leads an extremely rich, varied, complex personal life in which he balances his roles as father to his own three children and surrogate father to 20 of his 25 nieces and nephews. He never misses a graduation of any of them from prep school or college. On a day when the

weather is mild, he sometimes takes his 100-year-old mother Rose for an outing in her wheelchair along the streets of Hyannis Port.

Self-pity is a common alcoholic trait. Kennedy displays none of that disagreeable quality. He apparently lives much in the moment. He does not dwell on his family's almost opulent tragic past or on the deaths of his four siblings.

He likes to spend an evening at home, sitting in an armchair near the fire, a Scotch with lots of ice cubes resting nearby on the table. He talks with friends or puts a movie on the VCR. On several nights during Thanksgiving vacation last year, he watched tapes of the PBS series on the Civil War. Nearly every Saturday night when Ted is at Hyannis Port, his family and friends gather in the living room of the large, white frame house to sing Irish songs like *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* and *My Wild Irish Rose*. Rose sometimes joins in the singing. Before she goes back upstairs, Ted by himself always sings *Sweet Adeline*, a song that was the trademark of her father Honey Fitz many years ago when he campaigned for mayor of Boston.

Ted Kennedy is unpretentious. His capacity for friendship is large and warm. Recently, without publicity, he has gone into the homes of several of the Massachusetts families who lost children during the Persian Gulf war. After visiting a Cape Cod family whose young son died in the gulf, he phoned to invite them to attend Mass at his home with him, his mother and his son Teddy.

Kennedy's devotion to his own three children—Kara, 31, a video producer living in Washington; Teddy Jr., 29, in his final semester of a two-year master's program in environmental studies at Yale; and Patrick, 23, a second-term state representative in Rhode Island—is extraordinary. As a father, he openly displays a tender and loving affection. After a weekend together, father and children embrace and kiss each other goodbye. He is deeply involved in his children's lives. In many respects they are his best and closest friends. Ted and his former wife Joan, a recovering alcoholic, were divorced in 1983. She lives in Boston. He played a major role in raising the three children.

The tabloid Kennedy chases women half his age. In fact, in the past few years he has had several lengthy relationships with

Nation

women who range in age from the mid-30s to 42 to a bit over 50. All are women of brains and professional stature, not bimbos.

For all that, stories abound of close encounters with Teddy in many different stages of intoxication. There are now famous tales of his drinking bouts in Capitol Hill restaurants, notably a favorite, La Brasserie, with Connecticut's Senator Christopher Dodd. Stories also abound of a drunken Kennedy making passes at women and, in one case, having sex with a woman lobbyist on the floor of a private room in La Brasserie. The latest reports from Palm Beach—those involving Ted anyway—suggest behavior that is merely a bit off: taking the younger generation out drinking in clubs in the middle of the night, maybe wandering around the house without his trousers.

At the start of every year Kennedy goes on a liquid diet to shed excess pounds. Aside from consommé and diet sodas, his

meals consist of diet shakes. During the six-to-seven-week period, which usually ends on his birthday, Feb. 22, after a loss of 30 or 40 lbs., he avoids alcohol.

Kennedy does drink a lot when he is drinking. He has a considerable capacity for booze. But he also possesses amazing stamina and resiliency for a man his age. During an afternoon and evening, he may toss down many drinks (Scotch, wine, frozen daiquiris)—sometimes, when he is on one of his sailboats. He may drink far into the evening. But with only a few hours' sleep, he is on time for his morning tennis game at the Cape (usually 9 a.m.) or for his business on the Hill in Washington.

The portrait of Ted Kennedy is not a coherent picture but has a shattered or kaleidoscopic quality. Or perhaps, like many public figures, he has arranged his life in compartments, some sealed off from the others. Kennedy's repeated drunkenness over a period of many years—he was continually arrested for extremely reckless driving while a student at the University of Virginia Law School—has raised in many minds the possibility, or in some the certainty, that he is an alcoholic.

Alcoholism is impossible to define with complete precision. The behavior and symptoms of alcoholics differ enormously. Some alcoholics need to drink daily and suffer when they do not. Others can interrupt their drinking for weeks or even months at a time and then binge.

Alcoholics usually have trouble stopping drinking when they start: after they begin, they persist until they are more or less drunk. Ted Kennedy sometimes has one drink, then goes about his business.

Alcoholism impairs work, health, social relationships, family relationships. Ultimately, as the disease progresses, it destroys more and more of the alcoholic's life, at an accelerating rate.

Kennedy is a hardworking and successful U.S. Senator with a busy schedule and a heavy load of intellectual labor that he apparently performs well. His mind is nimble and sharp, except when he has been drinking a lot. He is attentive to his enormous family and a considerable array of friends.

Kennedy's face sometimes looks flushed and mottled, with the classic alcoholic signs of burst capillaries, puffiness and gin-roses of the drunk. Sometimes he simply looks like hell—fat, dissolute, aging, fuddled. But his powers of recuperation are amazing. He has, when he needs it, an organizing inner discipline that allows him, by an act of sheer will, to pull himself together, to focus and resume a senatorial, Kennedy star quality.

What then is shadow in Ted Kennedy? It is not only impossible to say but also presumptuous. A man with Kennedy's temperament and past may need a sort of unofficial self that he can plunge back into now and then—a rowdy, loutish oblivion where he feels easy, where he takes a woozy vacation from being a Kennedy. It is said that a drunk stops growing emotionally at the age at which he began serious drinking. That would probably be the age then of the unofficial self.

Like other Kennedys, Ted may have a strange capacity to serve as both an exemplar and a warning. He has some of the best and worst qualities of the country. The only shadow that he is responsible for, of course, is the one inside himself. —Reported by Hays Gorye and Nancy Traver/Washington

The fatal bridge at Chappaquiddick Island, 1969

The Greek tragedy would degenerate into sleazy check-out-counter revelations. The romance of the Kennedys would turn into a toxic mess.





Should This Woman Be Named?

A supermarket tabloid and some of the biggest names in journalism ignite an angry debate by identifying the victim of the alleged rape at the Kennedy mansion

By MARGARET CARLSON

In Palm Beach the identity of the woman who accused Ted Kennedy's nephew, William Kennedy Smith, of rape has been no secret since shortly after the alleged Easter-weekend assault. Her name and address have been so widely circulated that dozens of journalists have been staking out her home in nearby Jupiter for weeks. On April 7, her name appeared in London's *Sunday Mirror*. Yet the police and U.S. news organizations, following a long tradition of protecting the anonymity of rape victims, had declined to disclose it. Then last week the *Globe* broke the taboo.

The *Globe* is a supermarket scandal sheet published in Boca Raton, Fla. Its editor is Wendy Henry, who was fired by a London newspaper for running photographs of young Prince William urinating in a park. Since the tabloid's pages are mainly devoted to lurid tales of purported affairs and the diets of various celebrities, its stories are rarely picked up by the main-

stream media. But on the day after the *Globe* printed the victim's name and high school yearbook photo, NBC *Nightly News* broadcast a report on the disclosure.

"While Smith has become a household name," Tom Brokaw intoned, "the identity of the woman has been withheld by the media until now, and this has renewed the debate over naming names of rape victims." The subsequent report not only renewed the debate but went a long way toward making her a household name as well.

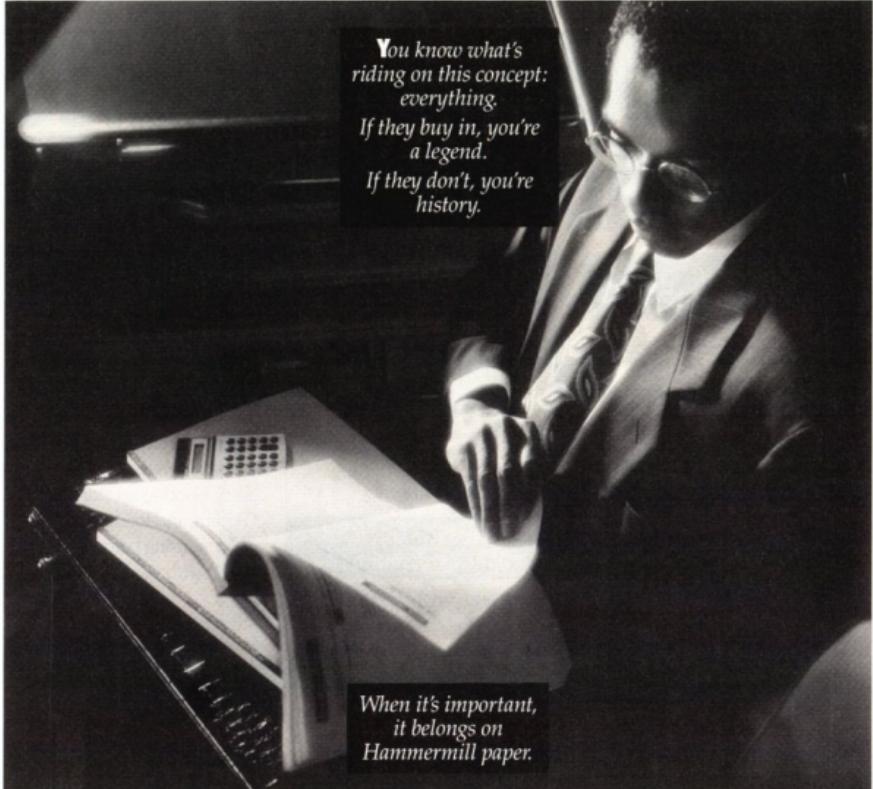
The morning after the NBC broadcast, the *New York Times* included the woman's identity in a long profile so unflattering that it could serve as a brief for a defense lawyer trying to discredit her. A story naming the victim appeared in the *Des Moines Register*, which two weeks ago won a Pulitzer Prize for telling the story of a rape victim who, unlike Smith's accuser, wanted to have her story told. Other publications paled on.

But many leading news organizations, including ABC, CBS, the *Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Boston Globe*, *USA*

Today and Associated Press, declined. So did the New York City tabloids that have been flogging the story hardest. The *New York Post*, which ran a story 12 days earlier with a large (and inaccurate) headline blaring that TEDDY WORE ONLY A T-SHIRT, took a lofty stance. The woman, declared editor Jerry Nachman, "ought to be able to go into Bloomingdale's a year from now and pay for her purchase without having the sales clerk say, 'Oh, you're the girl who was raped in Palm Beach.'" Even *National Enquirer* editor Dan Schwartz solemnly announced, "I think we took a more ethical stand than [the *New York Times*]."

Beneath the fog of high-minded arguments put forth by those for and against naming, it was sometimes difficult to know precisely what was being debated: the right to privacy, freedom of the press, the most effective way to prosecute sex crimes, pumping up circulation, or all—or none—of the above.

Take the case of NBC *News*. Some feminists argue that withholding the names of women who have been raped subjects



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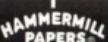
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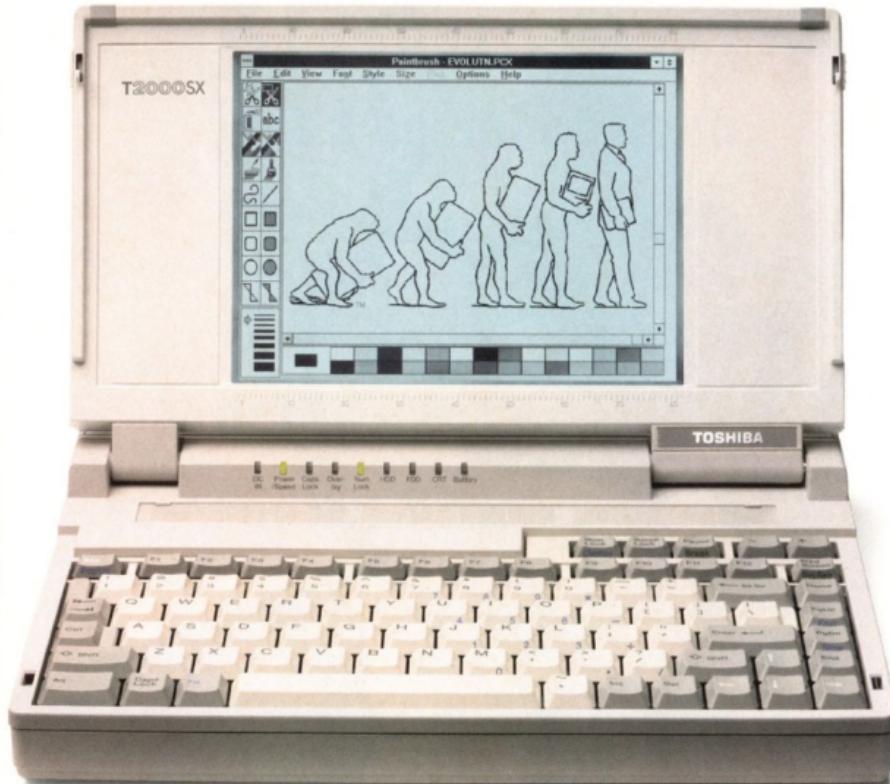
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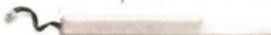
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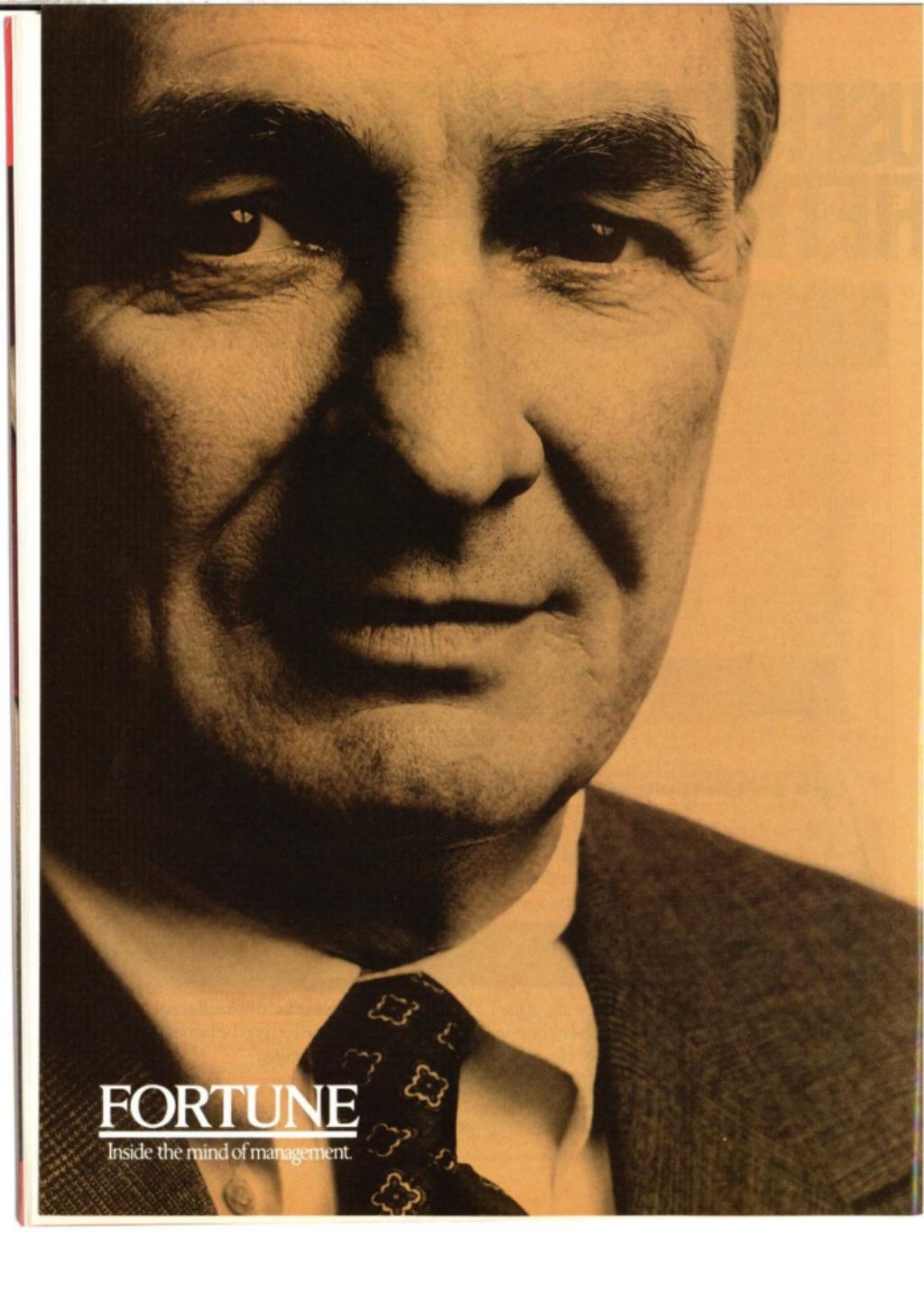
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them to a second brutalization by reinforcing the suspicion that they are "damaged goods" who somehow invited their attackers to assault them, a rationale shared by NBC News president Michael Gartner. "By not naming rape victims," he said, "we reinforce the idea that there is something shameful about it."

But if naming the woman was in the best interests of rape victims, why did NBC wait for the *Globe* to publish it first instead of breaking the story on its own? Gartner dismisses the timing. "We've been thinking about this issue for a long time. We didn't broadcast the name because of the *Globe*."

New York Times assistant managing editor Allan Siegal gave a different explanation, saying that once the woman's name had been broadcast nationally, continuing to withhold it would be "an empty gesture." Siegal argues that the *Times* had the obligation of "telling our readers what we know." Thus the newspaper had no choice but to include the woman's name in a long article describing her "little wild streak"—speeding tickets, an affair with the son of a once prosperous but now bankrupt Palm Beach family, a daughter born out of wedlock and poor grades in high school.

But the *Times* did not apply the same standard to another highly publicized sexual assault, the rape and near fatal beating of a jogger by a mob of teenagers in Central Park two years ago. In that case, unlike the Palm Beach incident, the victim's name was available in official documents. It was published by a local weekly, broadcast on a local TV station and featured on placards of protesters who claimed that the defendants were being railroaded. Yet in dozens of stories the *Times* never published the jogger's name.

One crucial distinction between the two cases might be that the Central Park incident was a random, violent attack by strangers and the other could fall into the murkier category of date rape, in which the victim and her alleged assailant know each other. Susan Estrich, who teaches law at the University of Southern California, contends that reporting the name in the Palm Beach case and not in the Central Park jogger case proves "how much acquaintance rape is still not considered to be a real rape." Date-rape cases can be messy: Was it an unambiguous lack of consent, or mixed signals, next-day regrets, confusion from large amounts of alcohol? When a charge is made and there is no clear-cut physical evidence, determining whether a crime has been committed can come down to the victim's word against that of the suspect, whose name is known to the police from the time the event is reported. When the suspect is famous, like William Kennedy Smith, his name is splashed across front pages from Florida to Alaska even though he has not been charged with any crime. Smith may

well be exonerated in court, but he will never get back his reputation.

At the risk of looking silly by not mentioning a name now widely known, many news organizations nonetheless decided to adhere to their long-standing policy, which is based on the belief that naming rape victims not only subjects women to public humiliation but also discourages others from coming forward, an opinion widely shared by police, prosecutors and rape counselors. A Senate committee found that while 100,000 rapes were reported last year, up 6% from 1989, as many as 1.9 million still go unreported. The most vocal critics of the disclosure this week fear an increase in underreporting. "Just start publishing and broadcasting their names and addresses. That'll do it," said Ann Seymour, a spokeswoman for the National Victim Center.

The law is not much help in resolving the controversy. Since 1976 Britain has prohibited naming victim or defendant unless the press can convince a judge that such a ban imposes an unreasonable restriction. In the U.S., 21 states and the District of Columbia have laws protecting the privacy of crime victims. In 1989 the U.S. Supreme Court overturned a lower court ruling that awarded \$97,500 to a rape victim whose name was published by the *Florida Star* on the ground that the information had been legally obtained from police records. Florida's law, passed in 1911, is of such doubtful constitutionality that Palm Beach County state attorney David Bludworth has asked for a declaratory ruling on

"TIME has respected the privacy of rape victims in the past, including those in the New York City jogger and Palm Beach cases, and will continue to do so unless a compelling argument to the contrary exists."

whether he can press charges against news organizations that have gone public with the woman's name in the Palm Beach case.

Ultimately, naming victims may turn less on its legality than on whether secrecy is viewed as a misguided form of protection that perpetuates the victim's sense of shame. Estrich, who was raped in 1974, wrote a book about her ordeal in 1987 in the hope of persuading other victims to come forward. But like most feminists, she vehemently opposes the "outing" of rape victims without their consent. "It serves no purpose," she says. "Has the public gotten any more information it needed? The answer is no. Has a woman been branded and humiliated, her ability to go on with her life, to order a pizza, go to the hairdresser without being known as 'that woman' been permanently changed? Yes."

Estrich's view is powerful because it recognizes an unpleasant reality: though the public's perceptions are rapidly changing, rape is still regarded as different from other crimes. The worst that is said about someone whose home is burglarized after the door was left unlocked is that the victim was careless. With rape the all-too-common impulse remains to impugn the victim's moral character. Courts have come to outlaw testimony about a rape victim's sexual history unless it can be shown that the evidence has a direct bearing on the assault in question, but there are no such restrictions on the press. In the Palm Beach incident, it may be too late to repair the damage from having named the alleged victim and the suspect. But at least the case does present an opportunity to rethink the issue.

—Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston and Leslie Whitaker/New York

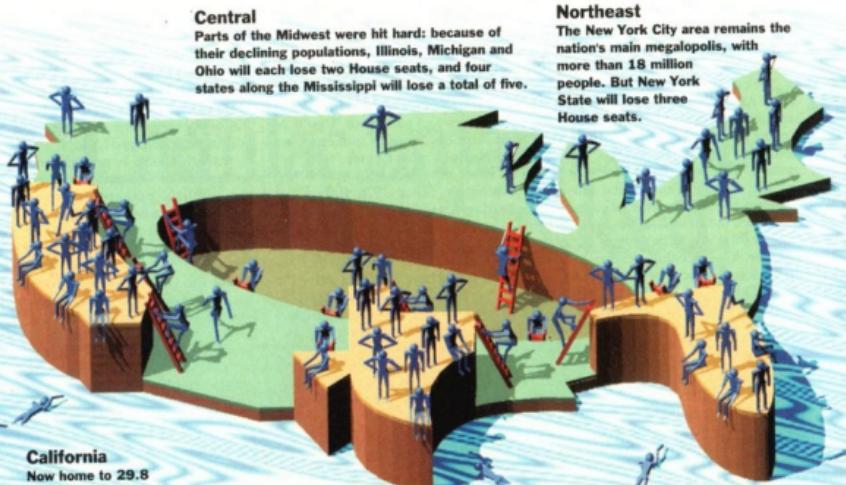


Picketing against the New York Times for printing all the names that fit

The respected daily peered in the bedroom window while the tabloids held back.

A Nation on the Move

The 1990 Census shows how Americans chased dreams and ran from nightmares, trading inland areas for sunny—and increasingly crowded—coastal states



Central

Parts of the Midwest were hit hard: because of their declining populations, Illinois, Michigan and Ohio will each lose two House seats, and four states along the Mississippi will lose a total of five.

California

Now home to 29.8 million people, the state has 65% more residents than runner-up New York, and a record total of 52 House seats.

Texas

Over the past decade Texas grew 20%, to 17 million people. Now the third most populous state in the nation, Texas will gain an additional three House seats.

Northeast

The New York City area remains the nation's main megalopolis, with more than 18 million people. But New York State will lose three House seats.

Florida

The nation's fourth most populous state, it now boasts 13 million people. Having grown 33% during the 1980s, the Sunshine State has gained an additional four House seats.

By ALEX PRUD'HOMME

In America, getting on in the world means getting out of the world we have known before.

—Ellery Sedgwick, *The Happy Profession*, 1946

America is a nation of people forever running toward bright new futures—or away from bleak presents and past failures. Every decade since 1790, the U.S. Census has given demographers and historians a chance to take stock of this restless population and chronicle its hopes and fears.

A century ago, Frederick Jackson Turner used the 1890 headcount as a springboard for his provocative "frontier thesis," which argued that America's distinctive culture was the result of its pioneering history. The 1980 Census chronicled the "rural renaissance" of the 1970s, when city dwellers headed for the country-

side by the tens of thousands. During the following decade, America did exactly the opposite. Preliminary figures from the 1990 Census—the final tallies won't be available until after July 15—depict a nation that has been growing more rapidly and in more complex patterns than ever before. And with the large majority of congressional and legislative districts in the country scheduled to be redrawn over the next 18 months, it is proving one of the most controversial counts in history. Last week a Census Bureau survey indicated that the overall population figure of 248.7 million—representing a jump of about 10% in a decade—had missed some 4 million to 6 million U.S. residents. The Census shows these unprecedented population shifts:

Racing to the Rays. Americans have always liked a good tan, but during the 1980s they found California, Texas and Florida—which accounted for 52% of the nation's population growth—irresistible.

Burgeoning Big Cities. For the first time in history, more than half the population (50.2%) lives in cities of more than 1 million, up from 45.9% in 1980. Los Angeles-Anaheim-Riverside increased at an astounding 26.4% rate, finishing the decade with 14.5 million inhabitants.

Imploding Industrial Centers. Reflecting a national shift from manufacturing to service-based businesses, many Northern industrial centers imploded like dying stars. Yet a few medium-size cities that had been losing people, like Pittsburgh and Baltimore, are reversing that trend by restructuring. The reduction of federal subsidies and the agricultural recession of the 1980s, meanwhile, accelerated America's flight from small towns and rural areas. While 44% of the population lived on farms or in small towns in 1950, that segment has dwindled to 23%.

Hollowing Heartland. As the unemployed trekked to coastal, service-based

cities like San Francisco and Boston, the nation's midsection began to empty. "There's been a general hollowing out of the interior of the country all the way from Minnesota to the Gulf Coast over to Pascagoula, Miss.," says Calvin Beale, a demographer with the Department of Agriculture.

Simmering Suburbs. Four out of 5 Americans live in what the Census Bureau calls metropolitan areas. But this catch-all term can be misleading because such areas typically include the outlying sprawl that surrounds urban centers; moreover, many communities that call themselves cities actually have the character of suburbs.

Staying Put. Surprisingly, some of the frostbelt towns that contributed to the migrant stream of the 1970s, like Toledo, Ohio, Fort Wayne, Ind., and Elmira, N.Y., stabilized in the 1980s. Why? The middle- and working-class residents of these cities aren't moving.

Booming Minorities. The ethnic makeup of the nation changed more radically than at any time in the past. The 1980 Census found that 1 of every 5 Americans belonged to a minority group. By 1990, 1 of every 4 Americans claimed Hispanic, Asian, African or Native American roots.

The momentum built by the Southwest and Florida is a powerful, albeit unpredictable, catalyst for change. California, which blossomed like a hot-house flower in the 1980s, has passed numerous slow-growth ballot measures. Many older, wealthier, more conservative Angelenos have moved away from the city's problems to the "inland empire" counties of Riverside and San Bernardino. The wild card in California's deck is its booming immigrant population—largely Hispanic and Asian—which renders the future of state politics uncertain. While eligible to be counted for reapportionment, immigrants who do not become citizens are not eligible to vote; their children will vote, but no one knows how.

Demographers expect Texas, Arizona and Florida to continue their vigorous growth and gain new political clout. The Texas electorate is already one-third Hispanic and black, and the proportion might be higher but for a Yankee influx in the 1970s and '80s. Florida has eight of the nation's 11 fastest-growing metro areas; as the separate waves of retirees (mostly from the North) and immigrants (mostly His-

panic) converge on Broward and Beach counties north of Miami, the collision of cultures is bound to intensify.

The decline of rural areas and the evacuation of the interior do not bode well for the nation's health. "There will be a continued outmigration from rural areas," predicts William O'Hare of the University of Louisville's Urban Research Institute. "The economic base in rural areas just isn't there to keep young people around."

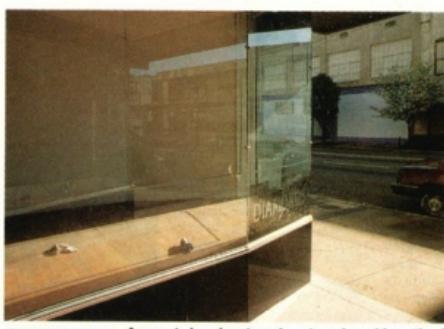
single industries were hit particularly hard during the 1980s. Anniston, Ala., once a reasonably prosperous textile town, lost 9.8% of its population, prompted by the closing of Adelaide Mills. Without a flexible, educated work force in the area, companies are unlikely to build factories there anytime soon. Moreover, potential employers can get the same routine work done far more economically in Mexico. "If a small and specialized firm came to [Anniston] and needed 500 to 1,000 skilled workers," says attorney A.W. Bolt, "we would not be in the running."

"*A Grapes of Wrath* scenario is being played out across rural America," says Harold Gross, an economist at the University of North Texas. "It's natural economic forces at work." But other experts contend that the cheaper cost of living and lower crime levels of rural America may lead to its comeback. Aggressive diversification will be the key to small-town survival in the future. Tulsa, once dependent on oil and gas, is trying to emerge from the bruising '80s as a new city built around the aerospace industry.

The demise of rural communities has gone in tandem with the suburbs' explosion. This, in turn, has helped fuel the growth of "supersuburbs," such as Plano, Texas, on the outskirts of Dallas. Many cities consider their suburbs a menace: they siphon commerce and political power away from downtown but don't pay taxes to help maintain the city's infrastructure. Dallas traces its racial and political problems largely to its stagnating interior. The burgeoning populations around Seattle, San Francisco and Atlanta may have to contend with the same problem.

While the Census has always been the best way to track peripatetic America, some critics consider it inadequate for the task of anticipating where the country will be a decade down the road. "In the social sciences, we have not done and never will do an acceptable job predicting the turning points of human behavior," says the Department of Agriculture's Beale. With virtually every frontier already conquered, is it possible that the next cycle of mass movement might rehabilitate America's lost cities and gutted interior? That, of course, depends on what fuels the country's hopes and fears in the 1990s.

—Reported by Joe Szczesny/Detroit and Richard Woodbury/Tulsa, with other bureaus



ANNISTON, ALABAMA

An empty jewelry store downtown is emblematic of the hard times facing many small cities that are not diversified and have a poorly educated work force



MORENO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Many residents of this community, which grew 329% in the past decade, commute 70 miles to Los Angeles

Frank and Deborah Popper, who both teach at Rutgers University, chronicled the decline of portions of the Great Plains in 1987 in what they described as the Buffalo Commons. Noting that "all across the Plains there are future ghost towns," the Poppers said rural counties from the Texas Panhandle up to the Dakotas and eastern Montana would be better off if they became a grassy habitat for native animals. "Government must start planning to keep most of the region from turning into a wasteland, an American Empty Quarter," they warned.

Small metropolitan areas wedged to

Winds of Change Sweep The Lone Star State

Maverick Governor Ann Richards shakes up the good ole boys with a bold package of wide-ranging reforms

By RICHARD WOODBURY AUSTIN

Statehouse veterans scoffed last January when Democrat Ann Richards vowed to create a "new Texas" ruled by a responsive, "customer-oriented" government. Now the skepticism has turned into shock. In only three months the first woman to govern Texas in 56 years has moved with the speed of a Panhandle twister to shake up the good-ole-boy network that has long dominated the Lone Star State.

Days after settling into her office, Richards began to prune and energize the bloated bureaucracy and "make government mean something in people's lives." She quickly imposed a hiring freeze and pushed a sweeping audit of state operations to eliminate such excesses as the 16 separate agencies that deliver health and human services, including the several panels that administer Medicaid to the poor.

She made good on a campaign promise to open the corridors of power by appointing dozens of women, blacks and Hispanics to the boards and commissions that regulate and oversee the machinery of government, and promised ongoing training to keep them on their toes. Among her most significant appointments: former Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, a member of the House Judiciary Committee that voted for the impeachment of Richard Nixon, as her special adviser on ethics, and John Hannah Jr., a distinguished former federal prosecutor, as secretary of state. Richards is also pushing for sweeping reforms to limit campaign contributions and require full disclosure of lobbyists' spending. Texas badly needs the reforms. Political payoffs are so ingrained that two years ago an East Texas chicken farmer seeking changes in workers-compensation law brazenly doled out nine \$10,000 checks to lawmakers on the floor of the senate.

Richards' blitz is decidedly populist. Her targets are special interests that have grown accustomed to kid-glove treatment from government. She stunned the chemical industry by forcing a two-year moratorium on the construction of new hazardous-waste sites and the expansion of existing ones and by proposing to set up an environmental SWAT team to enforce regulations that have long been ignored. She fired the entire top echelon of the corporation-minded commerce department and refocused the agency on small-business development and job training. She smacked the insurance industry by temporarily

blocking a 26% increase in auto premiums and vowing to clamp down on other "outrageous" rates. Accusing the insurance regulatory board of being too cozy with the firms it is supposed to oversee, she threatened a takeover if two members did not resign. One agreed to step down.

Richards is moving so quickly in part because her official powers are limited. Under the state's "weak-Governor" constitution, a legacy of the post-Civil War Reconstruction, her authority is primarily confined to appointments and vetoes. If she hopes to get the backing of the largely conservative Democratic legislature for her liberal programs, she must rely mostly on persuasion.

In eight years as state treasurer, Richards learned the importance of courting the legislature. Unlike her recent predecessors as Governor, she has personally wooed the lawmakers, inviting them to breakfasts and lunches at the Governor's Greek-revival mansion. She talked state representative Peter Laney



Blending populism and political savvy in Austin

into releasing a lottery bill from his committee on state affairs by plying him with bagels and doughnuts. Her snow-white bouffant hairdo and folksy charm have become familiar at committee hearings, in which she often testifies. "The legislature is excited because at long last they're being paid attention to," says Richards' press secretary Bill Cryer.

For all her reforming zeal, however, Richards has not completely turned away from politics as usual. She has rewarded several fat-cat campaign contributors with appointments—among them Walter Umphrey to the parks and wildlife department and Barnard Rapoport to the University of Texas board of regents. She has sidestepped some prickly issues: refusing to help devise a court-ordered plan for equalizing school funding and to introduce a state income tax to ease Texas' \$4.6 billion budget shortfall. "Her honeymoon is over," warns Tom Craddick, leader of the Republican legislative caucus. "She needs to draw up a budget to show how she'll pay for all the programs. So far, she hasn't said anything."

Polls show that Richards' constituents are supportive of her fast start. As she puts it, "The mood of activism seems to be pleasing people." With admirers mobbing her whenever she leaves her second-floor office, Richards can afford for now to ignore scattered criticism and bask in the honeymoon glow. The real test of her political skills will come when she has run out of boards to appoint people to and can no longer avoid tough decisions.

Action Annie

During her first three months in office, Governor Richards has:

- Named minorities to fill nearly half of her 384 appointments to boards, commissions and agencies
- Pushed for an audit of government operations to eliminate waste and duplication
- Proposed tough ethics reforms to scrutinize and regulate legislators' links with lobbyists and campaign contributors
- Seized control of state insurance regulation
- Forced a two-year moratorium on new hazardous-waste sites

American Notes

CAMPUSES

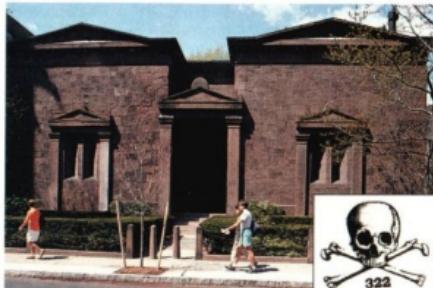
Rattling the Bonesmen

Skull and Bones, Yale University's elite secret society, is no longer the bastion of WASP privilege it was when George Bush was a member. Today the club is diverse enough to include black, Hispanic and openly gay members—but no women. So this year's 15 outgoing "Bonesmen," concerned that the society was seen as an anachronism in an undergraduate body that is 45% female, voted in early

April to admit seven women to next year's club.

The group's alumni board decided that diversity was getting out of hand. Last week the board changed the locks on the group's windowless New Haven clubhouse, called the Tomb, and announced that the society was suspended for next year.

The rebellious Bonesmen vow that if the board does not relent, Bones will simply meet elsewhere next year. "Our main objective is communication between members," says Bonesman Douglas Webster. "That can be done anywhere." ■



Yale's Bonesmen were shut out of their campus Tomb

BANKING

"Unsound Practices"

The 1988 collapse of Denver's Silverado Banking, Savings & Loan Association will cost taxpayers more than \$1 billion. Last week a major figure in that disaster, presidential son Neil Bush, was judged to have en-



Neil Bush got slapped

gaged in "unsafe or unsound practices and breaches of his fiduciary duties involving multiple conflicts of interest." In making that pronouncement, Timothy Ryan, director of the Office of Thrift Supervision, ruled that if Bush again serves as director of a financial institution, he must seek legal advice on his responsibilities, disclose potential conflicts of interest and abstain from voting on matters in which he has a personal stake.

Ryan's action was the mildest penalty that could have been meted out. But Bush still faces potential trouble. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation has brought a \$200 million gross-negligence suit against him and other former Silverado officials. ■

CONNECTICUT

No Crime For Love

Adultery may still be a sin in Connecticut, but it's no longer a crime. Last week Governor Lowell Weicker signed legislation repealing the state's 18th century law that made it a crime for a married man or woman to have sexual intercourse outside of marriage.

Like the antiadultery laws still on the books in about half

the states, Connecticut's statute was rarely enforced. But last summer four people were arrested in separate incidents on the basis of complaints by their angry spouses. Though none of them were prosecuted, lawmakers feared that the legal ban might be invoked more often as a weapon in divorce cases. Under the new measure, adultery can still be used as grounds for divorce but will no longer be subject to penalties of state law. The higher law, presumably, still applies. ■

CALIFORNIA

Invalid Invalids

A common sight in Los Angeles these days: a nimble motorist hopping out of a parked car that bears a DISABLED PERSON placard on the dashboard. The explanation: a proliferation of illegally obtained placards. To get state-issued cards that let motorists park in reserved spaces,

drivers have bought them at flea markets for as much as \$400 or taken over placards from deceased relatives who came by them honestly. The legitimately handicapped pay \$6. Cops abandoned one solution: ticketing all parked cars that displayed the placards. The city is pondering other approaches, including improving the data base so that field officers have access to information on truly disabled drivers. ■

ALASKA

Party Pooper

When Alaska Governor Walter Hickel was elected last November as the candidate of the Alaskan Independence Party, nobody expected him to do much to further its secessionist platform. Nobody, that is, except a vocal faction of the tiny fringe party. Angry that Hickel has not done enough to detach Alaska from the U.S., the group is mounting a campaign to have

Hickel and Lieutenant Governor Jack Coghill recalled from office, charging that their nomination was illegal.

Hickel joined the Independence ticket just minutes before the filing deadline for last fall's election and signaled throughout the campaign that he did not share its views. Though Hickel has been ignoring the campaign, Coghill has not. As head of the division of elections, he has refused to give the recall committee any information about what legal steps must be taken to eject an official. ■



World

REFUGEES

Omar's Journey

Every Kurdish refugee has his own tale to tell and his own reason to weep. Here is the story of one man and his family.



Photographs for TIME by Anthony Suau—Black Star for TIME

By EDWARD W. DESMOND SHUSHAMI

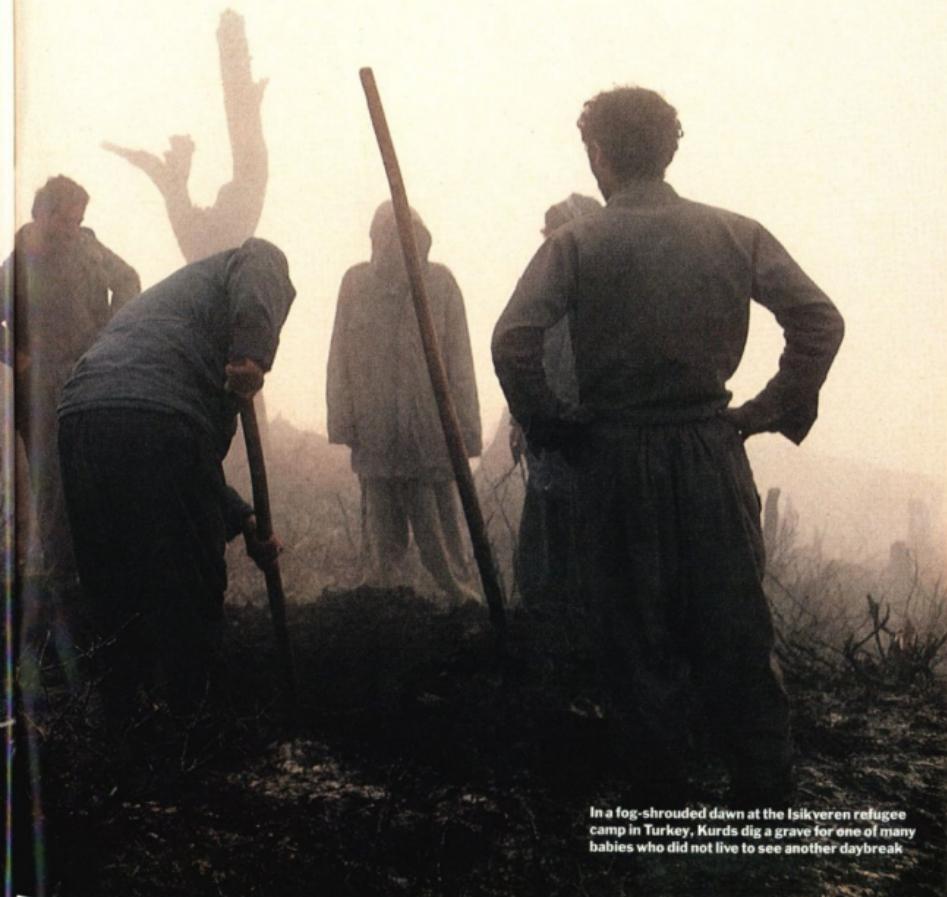
Talia is standing by the small window inside a worn tent, a streak of morning light framing her pretty face in the smoky air. She smiles at the baby in her arms, and for a singular, brief moment she looks like a Madonna in the midst of hell. Her three elder children are sitting on a blanket set on the cold, damp ground. The eldest, a boy of seven, has a vacant look in his eyes, and he twitches every few seconds, like someone lost beyond the edge of pain. His younger brother and sister gaze at him, then look quickly away, a fog of panic fill-

ing their eyes as they contemplate their mad brother, the gloom of the tent, their possessions reduced to a teapot, a blanket and a few ragged clothes. Omar, their father, clears his throat and volunteers, "The boy, he has been like that since the bombing. He is disturbed, I think."

Omar and his family come from Kirkuk, the northern Iraqi city that was captured by Kurdish guerrillas in late March and retaken by Iraqi forces about a week later. Omar decided to flee Kirkuk after he saw the Iraqi Mi-24 helicopters hanging like avenging demons on the horizon, unleashing their terrifying rocket fire and evoking the threat of what he feared most:

chemical weapons that make every breath a draft of fire. Not only was Omar sure that the Iraqis would kill many Kurds in Kirkuk in reprisal, but he also knew that he would be in more trouble than most. He is an ex-Iraqi army lieutenant who refused the call to return to duty after Iraq's invasion of Kuwait. So he gathered his family and a few belongings and started the trip toward Iran, leaving his car behind because the road was already a chaotic snarl.

They walked and hitched rides for six days to reach the border, enduring sub-zero cold, rain and snowstorms that left the children shivering uncontrollably. They marched high into the hills of Kurdistan



In a fog-shrouded dawn at the Isikveren refugee camp in Turkey, Kurds dig a grave for one of many babies who did not live to see another daybreak

along narrow mountain roads deep in slippery mud, thinking a thousand times that their world had come to an end. The worst moment came at a mobbed road crossing, where Omar and Talia, each with two children, were separated as they struggled aboard different trucks. Omar did not see his wife again for two days, and in his arms was their seven-month-old daughter, weakly sobbing for her mother's milk. Other nursing mothers saved the little girl's life by giving her a turn at their breasts.

Yet wretched as they are, Omar's family is among the blessed ones. They live in

one of the thousands of tents pitched on the steep slopes of the Sirwan River valley, a few miles inside the Iranian border. The Iranian army provides shelter, bread every day, and a crude dispensary gives basic medical help, especially against rampant dysentery caused by the lack of clean drinking water. But Omar's family must make do with only one blanket to stave off the frigid nights. The terrible cold and disease claim young lives every day, a tragedy underscored by the cemetery of small, fresh graves on a grassy knoll above the camp. A red wash of wild poppies is in

bloom, a sad bouquet expressing heaven's remorse.

Life is even more chaotic at the border checkpoint up the road, where a crush of vehicles and humanity begins and stretches back into Iraq for miles. With maddening slowness, Iranian troops let a sprinkling of refugees through the checkpoint, taking care not to let them pass before the campsites are ready. Perhaps they could be settled faster, but so far the Iranians have been left to do the job almost entirely by themselves. Commitments from Western countries to help the more than 1 million Kurds at the



border have just started to pick up beyond the initial trickle according to angry international relief officials, who believe the slowness in part reflects Western distaste for Iran's Islamic government.

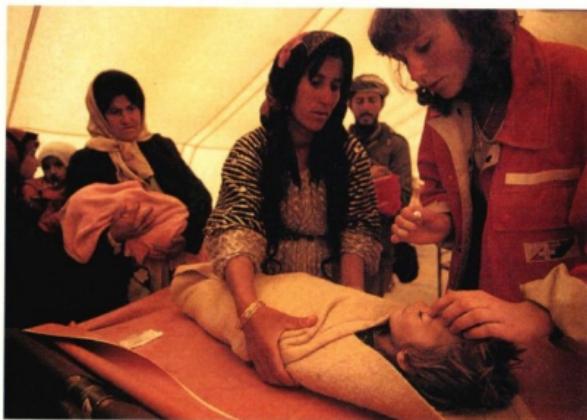
One stretch of the road has a steep mountain wall on one side and a near vertical drop on the other, in places falling away for several hundred feet. Old men overtaken by exhaustion sprawl dangerously close to the brink. Other refugees step over them, too tired to lend a hand. Distressed mothers, wondering when dehydration and shock will claim their children, hold their

diarrhea-plagued babies over the road's edge and let them relieve themselves.

Where the roadside broadens into a high meadow, families camp out under whatever shelter they can find, usually by draping tattered plastic sheets over a frame of sticks. The surrounding mountains were a major battleground during the Iraq-Iran war, and minefields are everywhere. Relief officials say dozens of refugees have been killed or maimed after straying off the road.

The fleeing Kurds are barefoot peasants as well as prosperous city dwellers and

farmers who have tried to escape with their cars, trucks and tractors. A white Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera joins the line, along with a brand-new Massey-Ferguson harvesting combine. Iranian soldiers drive up the road, throwing bread to the Kurds and starting a frantic scramble that sends more than one person rolling down a steep embankment. When the crowd parts, old men patiently pick the crumbs out of rocks and mud, their only margin of survival. Whenever the refugees discover a reporter in their midst, they crowd around and find someone to express their fury in English:



Caring for the babies who have survived—so far—at Isikveren: a mother feeds her dehydrated infant liquid from a syringe; other mothers line up to bring their babies to a Dutch doctor working with a voluntary relief organization. The death rate has been especially high among babies because they are particularly vulnerable to exposure to cold and diarrhea from unsanitary camp conditions—and because the milk has dried up in the breasts of many mothers.

"Why did George Bush do this to us? He has betrayed us. Why did he tell us to rise up? Why didn't he shoot down the helicopters?" The questions are the same, over and over again.

At the border post, the Iranian troops carefully search each vehicle for weapons—Tehran insists that Kurdish fighters will find no haven in Iran—as well as articles offensive to strict Islamic sensibilities. Pop-music tapes, for example, are forbidden, as is immodest dress. One woman, about to drive her Volkswagen up to the checkpoint, frantically tied a scarf over her

hair but still stood out in a short skirt and knitted leggings. She managed to get through the checkpoint, but not before giving away her collection of tapes.

The flight is particularly hard on more prosperous Kurds, who are no more prepared to endure the rigors of refugee life than American suburbanites would be. Khaleda, 19, a well-dressed university student, escaped with her brother and two cousins. Their parents gave them the car and told them to go, fearing that the Iraqis would kidnap and kill the young people, as they had after past uprisings.

But they have languished in the long queue of cars on the Iraqi side of the border for two weeks. Khaleda and her friends, seeing the hardships ahead in the refugee camp, are among a very small group who have decided to go back to their parents and take a chance that Saddam will honor his pledge of amnesty for the Kurds. "We can't stand it," she says. "At home we have a nice big house and lots of money. We don't trust Saddam. But we hope he will leave us alone." Nothing in her face shows that she believes her own words. ■

ERIC BOYD/OUTLINE - MATTINA/TIME

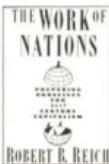


In Iran or in Turkey, life is much the same for the Kurdish fugitives—that is to say, miserable. In Piranshahr, Iran, Kurds fight for food from a relief truck as yellow apples cascade out the side. In Isikveren, Kurdish women wash dishes in a mudhole, an example of the lack of sanitation that has raised fears of epidemics in the camps.

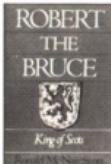
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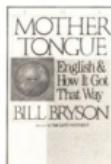
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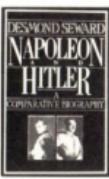
5900. \$18.95/\$15.85



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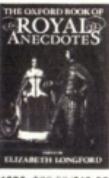
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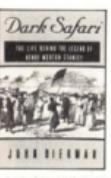
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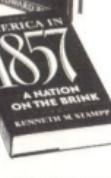
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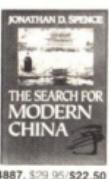
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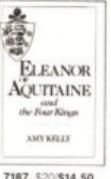
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Mission of Mercy

By dispatching U.S. troops to set up camps for the Kurds in northern Iraq, Bush undertakes a humane but risky endeavor

By GEORGE J. CHURCH

The Kurds were dying. Starvation, exposure and disease were killing as many as 1,000 a day. And that brute fact overcame the nervousness about being sucked into an endless political and perhaps military quagmire. Prodded by distressed allies, by outraged U.S. and European public opinion, and not least by his own conscience, George Bush last week finally did what he should have done long before: set in motion an unprecedented and bold operation that might at last bring effective succor to the Kurds—at least to the 850,000 or so squatting along the Iraq-Turkey border and possibly to the 1.5 million who are seeking asylum in Iran.

To that end, American, British and French troops over the weekend began moving into northern Iraq, an area the allies had largely left alone throughout the gulf war. Over the next two weeks or so, these soldiers will build on relatively flat land as many as seven tent cities, each housing up to 100,000 Kurds. The idea is to bring the refugees down from the barren, freezing and almost inaccessible mountain slopes where they are perched and relocate them where they can be given adequate food, water, shelter, sanitation and medical care. And, of paramount importance, safety: the camps will be protected by as many as 10,000 soldiers from the U.S., 5,000 from Britain, 1,300 from France and 1,000 each from the Netherlands and Italy, from any attempt by Saddam Hussein to exact bloody vengeance for the Kurds' failed revolt.

But for how long? And what follows the supposedly temporary relocation? Nobody can say, but at minimum it seems that Bush will have to bid farewell to his hopes for a quick and clean American military withdrawal from the Middle East. The risks of the new effort, dubbed Operation Haven, may not have justified the President's long dithering in providing effective relief. But those risks are real, not chimerical.

Immediately, there is a danger that U.S. and other allied troops involved in Opera-

tion Haven will become enmeshed in a long-running battle between Baghdad and the Kurds. Few think Saddam would be so mad as to order a deliberate attack on the camps and their allied protectors. That would expose what remains of his army to more of the allied bombing that proved so devastating during the gulf war. But the allied soldiers could easily get into unplanned and escalating shooting incidents with the 30,000 or more Iraqi troops in the area.

U.S. Army Lieut. General John Shalikashvili, commander of the relief effort, met

tection of the refugee settlements to a United Nations peacekeeping force in one to three months, and eventually to resettle the Kurds in their old homes under the eye of U.N. observers.

But that may be wishful thinking. U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar insists that a new Security Council resolution would be required to empower the organization to take part in Operation Haven. Any such resolution might well be vetoed by the Soviet Union or China. They would be afraid of setting a precedent for intervention that one day could be applied to the Baltic republics or Tibet.

Even getting the Kurds to come down from the mountains in the first place may not be easy. Some Kurds fear precisely what the allied governments hope—that the U.S., British and French soldiers will leave in a month or so. If so, many Kurds believe, Saddam's forces will massacre them all, U.N. observers or no. Enticing the Kurds to return to Kirkuk, Sulaymaniyah or the other cities from which they fled looks impossible as long as Saddam is in power. Already Administration officials assume that the U.S. and allied forces will have to stay until the dictator goes. But since Washington has no strategy for forcing Saddam out, that could mean maintaining garrisons for years in a country perpetually on the brink of explosion. "Going in is easy," sums up a high-ranking officer attached to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "Getting out may be the problem."

It was exactly this fear of an open-ended commitment that for weeks kept Bush from organizing any effective relief effort. As late as Saturday, April 13—only three days before he finally ordered Operation Haven—the President declared in a speech at Maxwell Air Force Base in Alabama: "I do not want one single soldier or airman shoved into a civil war in Iraq that's been going on for ages." But while Bush was still in Alabama, where he had gone to fish for largemouth bass, Secretary of State James Baker phoned to report growing pressure from Congress and allies to save the Kurds. British Prime Minister John Major had already publicly proposed several



U.S. soldiers arrive by helicopter at refugee camp in Isikveren, Turkey

Getting the Kurds down from the mountains will be tough, for starters.

PHOTO BY STEPHEN STERK FOR TIME

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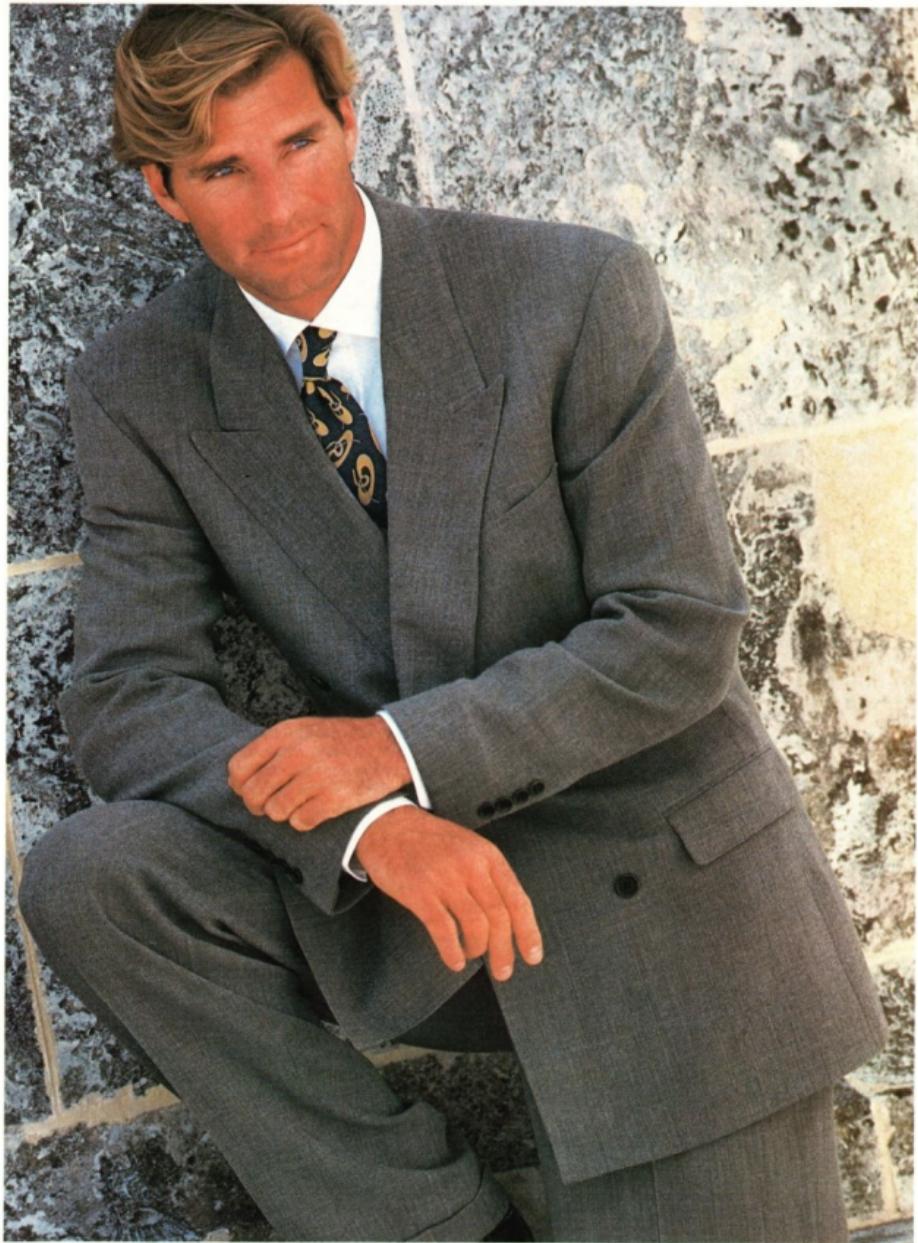
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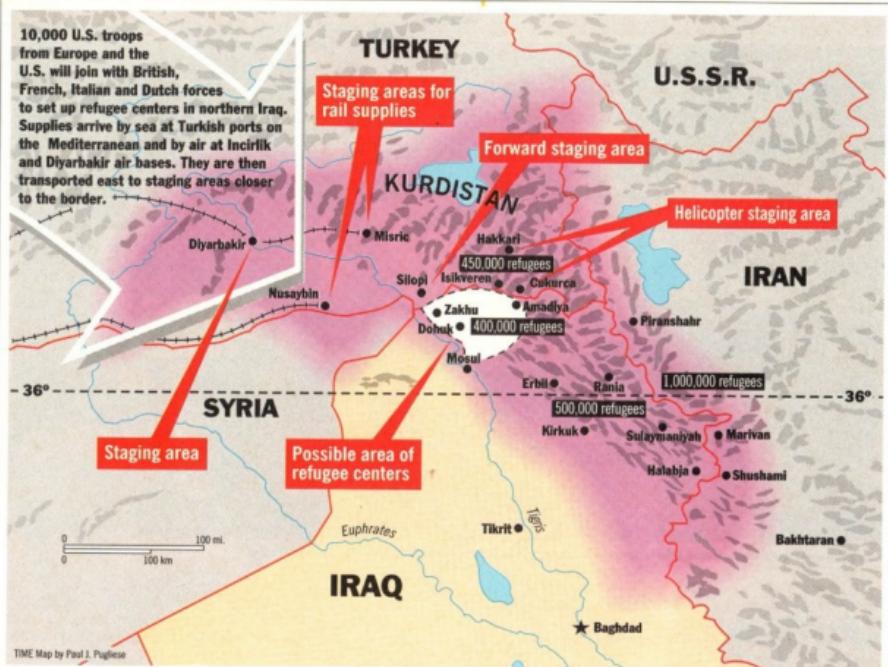


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versions of a plan to establish "safe havens" for the Kurds inside Iraq, and France had sent senior diplomats to the State Department to plead for U.S. participation in some such effort.

The Turkish government, Baker reported, was especially agitated. Turkish President Turgut Ozal confirmed as much in a phone call to Bush on Monday morning. Turkey could not take in the refugees, said Ozal, and American efforts to get aid to them in the mountains by airdrop or helicopter were insufficient; more were dying every day.

Bush reported this to his top national security advisers at their regular Monday morning meeting, and the group assigned Deputy National Security Adviser Robert Gates to devise a plan. Gates convened a "deputies committee" of the second-ranking officials at State, the Pentagon, the Joint Chiefs and the CIA. By Monday afternoon they sought their chiefs' approval for Operation Haven, which Bush announced Tuesday afternoon after telephoning Major, French President François Mitterrand and Turkey's Ozal.

Some advisers were unenthusiastic to the end. Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney and Joint Chiefs Chairman Colin Powell "were not crazy about this idea" of sending troops into Iraq, says one high official. (A

Pentagon source puts it more forcefully: "Colin got steamrollered.") National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft had argued since long before the gulf war that the U.S. should set two limited objectives—drive Iraq out of Kuwait and break Saddam Hussein's offensive military power—and once they were accomplished, get out quickly. But Bush, says a senior official, decided that "we simply could not allow 500,000 to a million people to die up there in the mountains. And that's precisely what might have happened."

The Administration has also decided to come to the aid of the Kurds who are stranded near the Iran-Iraq border. Initially, Bush suggested that the strain in American relations with Iran would limit U.S. assistance for the refugees. But late last week Iran made a formal plea for U.S. help through Swiss intermediaries. The Administration replied that it was prepared to send relief supplies once the Iranians detailed exactly what they needed. Said an Administration official: "We are comfortable doing it for humanitarian reasons."

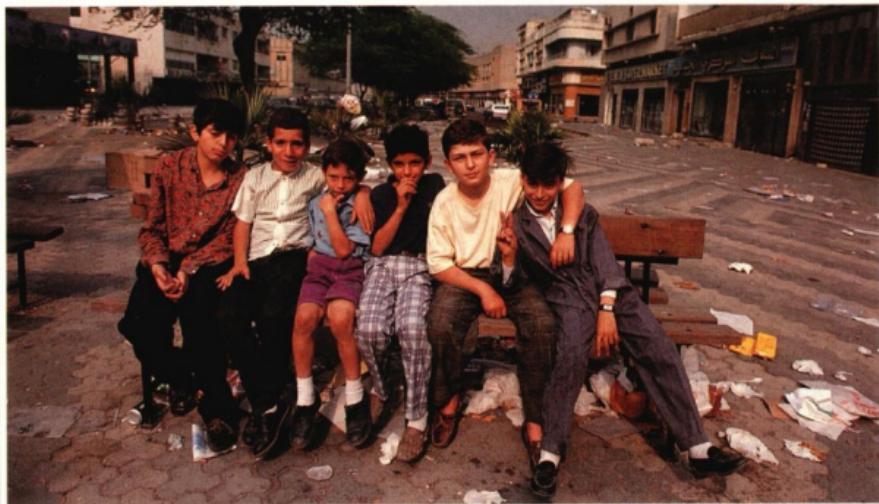
The relief operations for the Kurds, however, do nothing for 50,000 Shi'ites who have taken refuge in the occupation zone of southern Iraq, from which coalition troops are rapidly withdrawing. The allies plan to place these refugees in camps within a nine-

mile-wide demilitarized zone along the Iraq-Kuwait border that will be patrolled by a U.N. force.

Seen in this light, Operation Haven looks less like a bold venture and more like a minimum effort that is long overdue. Certainly the U.S. could, and should, organize a major relief effort for the Kurds fleeing toward Iran and try to ensure the safety of the southern Shi'ites. And it has bargaining levers to use with Saddam. Following the requirements of the cease-fire that ended the gulf war, Baghdad last week meekly asked the U.N. Security Council for permission to sell almost \$1 billion worth of oil and use the money to buy badly needed food, medicine and other necessities for the populace still under Saddam's control. The U.S. and its allies, which have veto power in the council, are in a position to trade consent for some satisfactory arrangement bringing relief to the refugees.

Even then, the long-term stationing of military forces inside Iraq entails very genuine risks. Bush's worries about a Vietnam-style "quagmire" are not at all unrealistic. But the risks will just have to be borne. The alternative would be to abandon the Kurds to their fate, and no humane nation can do that.

—Reported by Dan Goodgame and Bruce van Voorst/Washington and William Mader/London



Local boys hang out in a shopping district in the capital: "Kuwait was damaged, but it was not destroyed"

KUWAIT

Life Under a Cloud

The lights are on and the water is running, but the recovery has been hampered by incompetence—and a shortage of citizens

By WILLIAM DOWELL KUWAIT CITY

On a bad day, crossing the border into Kuwait is like getting a preview of the apocalypse. In the distance greasy smoke spurts from torched oil wells, sending up dozens of black funnels that look like infernal tornadoes. Overhead the plumes merge to form a charcoal cloud that blocks out the sun. Flakes of white ash tumble from the sky like dry, malignant snow. "Some days are so dark," says a photographer who is covering the fires, "I have to use a flashlight at nine in the morning."

But not all is gloom in Kuwait these days. Beneath the funeral skies lies a country that is recovering its spirit. Electricity and water plants are working again, and the phones are beginning to function too. In the capital the giant two-floor Sultana Supermarket is once more a cornucopia of fresh vegetables and delicacies from around the world.

At night scores of flashy cars and motorcycles cruise in front of the local Hardee's in a scene that looks like the gulf version of *American Graffiti*. A dozen teenagers break-dance to booming rap music that pours out of the open hatchback of a

silver Renault 5 with a U.S. flag painted on its rear window. Yet even this simple celebration brings a reminder of the tension between tradition and change that is testing Kuwait. Passing the scene, a fundamentalist youth mutters, "Islam doesn't need discothèques."

Americans advising the government groaned when they learned that one of the first ships scheduled to arrive in Kuwait's freshly de-mined harbor carried several hundred Buick luxury sedans rather than badly needed construction equipment. Still, progress has been made in meeting the country's most basic requirements. Kuwait's desalination plants are now producing about 71 million gal. of water daily. Consumption is about 100 million gal. a day, but water brought in by ship makes up the shortfall. Most residents now get their water from rooftop storage tanks, but within a few months the city's reservoirs should be full enough to generate water pressure in taps.

Repaired power plants are putting out 2,000 to 3,000 megawatts of electricity, far more than the current demand of 540 megawatts. Some areas of the country still have no electricity, largely because of the Iraqis' destruction of power lines and

electric substations. But the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, which is overseeing much of Kuwait's reconstruction, says some substations can be rebuilt in as little as two weeks.

Much of the wreckage caused by the Iraqis has turned out to be superficial. "Kuwait was damaged, but it was not destroyed in the way a city like Dresden was," says U.S. Major General Patrick Kelly of the Corps of Engineers. "The Iraqis had the intention of completely demolishing everything in the city, but the land war hit so fast they didn't have time to do it."

Nonetheless, Kuwait's recovery could go faster. Part of the problem is that a mere 300,000 of 700,000 Kuwaiti citizens are now living in the country. General Kelly estimates only a third of all civil servants are at their posts. "You don't have the middle management in the ministries," he says. Until recently the government told Kuwaitis displaced by the war to stay away until the country's infrastructure could support them. Last week the policy changed, and Kuwaitis were authorized to start coming home on May 4.

In the past Kuwaitis simply hired foreigners to do most of their work. Many of those expatriates may now hesitate to return to the ravaged city, which will lack for some time the creature comforts that once earned it a reputation as the jewel of the gulf. For the Palestinian community, which is credited with actually building much of Kuwait, there is an additional—and legitimate—concern: further persecution by Kuwaitis enraged by Palestinian support

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for Saddam Hussein. Of the 168,000 Palestinians left in Kuwait out of a prewar total of 400,000, about half are expected to emigrate.

Amnesty International reported last week that retribution aimed mainly at Palestinians was continuing and that attacks "appear to be largely unchecked." Since Kuwait's liberation, says the human-rights group, hundreds of people have been arbitrarily arrested, many of them tortured and scores killed. Members of both the armed forces and the underground resistance that flourished during the Iraqi occupation are said to be responsible. Though Kuwaiti officials promised Amnesty International investigators that "those responsible would be brought to justice," the organization accuses the government of according human rights "an extremely low priority."

Government incompetence has also complicated Kuwait's rebirth. U.S. firms involved in the reconstruction have complained of long delays in clearing equipment through both Kuwaiti and Saudi customs. The most alarming case of sluggishness has been in extinguishing the more than 500 oil fires set by the departing Iraqis. So far, only 12 have been put out. And of the scores of sabotaged wells that were gushing oil but not burning, only 44 have been capped. The government blames the contractors—three of them American and one Canadian—for the slow progress. But the companies complain of cumbersome red tape and say that because the government signed contracts with them just last month, much of the equipment necessary for the job is only now arriving.

In an effort to quiet carping about its inadequacies, the government resigned last month. A new Cabinet was announced last weekend, keeping Crown Prince Sheik Saad al-Abdullah al-Sabah as Prime Minister but changing many of the other positions. One palace insider says the new lineup has "fewer weaknesses but also fewer strong personalities."

With a view toward running in the country's parliamentary elections, some of Kuwait's key leaders, notably Sheik Saad's closest aide, Minister of State for Cabinet Affairs Abdul Rahman al-Awadi, have chosen to stay out of the new Cabinet. They prefer to agitate for democracy from the outside rather than be perceived as defending the status quo. "Whoever accepted a post in this government," says an ex-minister, "is going to have a thankless task." One of the most thankless tasks will be to sell the Kuwaitis on the timing of parliamentary elections. Many hoped the balloting would take place this year, so there was much grumbling when the Emir announced that it would be next year, "God willing." Now it appears the elections will occur not even in the spring of 1992 but in the fall, which surely will further anger the voters. ■

America Abroad

Strobe Talbott

The Old Magic Is Gone

TOKYO. For six years the most important factor in Soviet foreign policy has been Soviet domestic politics. The internal crisis in the U.S.S.R. gave Mikhail Gorbachev both an incentive and a pretext for transforming his country's external behavior.

Gorbachev showed a genius for making a virtue out of necessity. The more the Soviet Union turned inward, the more the world cheered its President for abandoning many of the bad habits, disreputable clients and ill-gotten gains of the past. By taking the first steps toward reductions in doomsday arsenals, liberating Eastern Europe, cooperating in the resolution of regional conflicts and enabling the U.N. to move against Saddam Hussein, he made retrenchment, even retreat, look like leadership and the management of decline look like dynamism. It was quite a trick, and he performed it over and over again.

But opposition to Gorbachev at home is so widespread that it hampers his freedom of maneuver abroad. In Tokyo last week he demonstrated his characteristic flair, but the magic was diminished. By promising further negotiations on the future of the four Kurile islands

the Soviet Union seized from Japan in the closing days of World War II, he pulled a rabbit's foot out of his hat, but not the whole rabbit that his audiences have come to expect.

This was not the same Gorbachev who in 1987 agreed to eliminate an entire class of missiles, or who in 1989 ordered the Polish Communist Party to share power with Solidarity, or in 1990 accepted a unified Germany in NATO. A year or so ago, the old Gorbachev might have stunned his Japanese hosts by returning the islands on the spot, cutting the knot in a single bold stroke rather than picking at it with his fingernails.

But that was before the rise of Boris Yeltsin. Perhaps the most significant document at the Tokyo meeting was the Soviet delegation list. Gorbachev felt compelled to invite several Yeltsinites to accompany him. By including in his entourage two foreign ministers—one representing the U.S.S.R., the other the Russian federation—Gorbachev was tacitly acceding to Yeltsin's demand for a say, if not a veto, on what ultimately happens to the islands.

In his struggle against Yeltsin, Gorbachev has come to rely increasingly on the military for support. Yet in the midst of the Tokyo talks, the commander of Soviet forces in the Far East warned publicly that if the U.S.S.R. relinquished the islands, "we could no longer call ourselves a great power." It was an obvious shot across Gorbachev's bow.

A Kremlin official explained why the issue is so neuralgic for Soviet top brass and hard-liners: "Our loss of Eastern Europe and the retirement of the Warsaw Pact constitute the greatest geopolitical defeat ever suffered by a nation that has not actually lost a war. Many of our generals and admirals are saying, 'That's it! No more concessions!' For them, it's become a matter of symbolism and principle beyond any technical or strategic questions involved."

For much the same reason, the Soviet military has dug in its heels over arms control with the U.S. The impasse has jeopardized the summit that Gorbachev and George Bush want this summer. The White House has been exchanging proposals directly with Gorbachev in hopes that he will override the objections of his comrades in uniform, just as he has done so often in the past. But that was then; this is now. With every passing week, Gorbachev's domestic vulnerability makes diplomatic breakthroughs more difficult. ■



Gorbachev with Japan's Prime Minister Kaifu last week

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World Notes

CHINA

A Breath of Fresh Air

China's leaders are violently allergic to criticism. But last week they allowed a prominent American to air some irritating thoughts before a domestic public audience for the first time since the 1989 Tiananmen massacre. Visiting former President Jimmy Carter told some 400 people at Beijing's Foreign Affairs College that "worldwide concerns" for imprisoned Chinese protesters are legitimate, pressing and

curable—by a grant of "amnesty to all nonviolent dissidents."

Carter's message, which he repeated to Premier Li Peng and Communist General Secretary Jiang Zemin, produced no visible results, though the former President did receive assurances that Chinese students in the U.S. who obtain a permit to return home will not be harassed or arrested once back in China. Chinese analysts believe the regime may have let Carter speak to help persuade Washington to continue most-favored-nation trade relations. ■



Carter and Jiang: trying to put human rights on the table

BY RICHARD STONE FOR TIME

SOVIET UNION

Mission: Improbable

Perestroika has made little headway at the KGB, but the Soviet spies are taking a stab at *glasnost*. Even though KGB chief Vladimir Kryuchkov still delivers speeches with Stalinist overtones, his year-old public relations department is busy polishing the agency's image. It has opened a museum at headquarters in Moscow's Dzerzhinsky Square, allows some of-

ficers to give interviews and recently ran a Miss KGB contest in which women in bulletproof vests competed in skills like cooking, shooting, dancing, karate and applying makeup.

The KGB now thinks it is ready for prime time. Its p.r. director, Major General Alexander Karbainov, was in Rome last week to announce a joint Soviet-Italian production—a 13-episode TV series called *The KGB Tells All*. It will cover such famous cases as the assassination of Leon Trotsky by one of Stalin's hit

men and the defections of Kim Philby and other Britons who spied for Moscow. Preparations will take about a year, the producers say, and scriptwriters will be able to consult some secret material. The 90-minute docudrama will be filmed in Europe and the U.S.

The implication that the KGB is really about to "tell all" is, of course, just show business. When correspondents in Moscow asked the p.r. department for details on the TV series, they were told to put their questions in writing and wait. ■



Miss KGB at headquarters

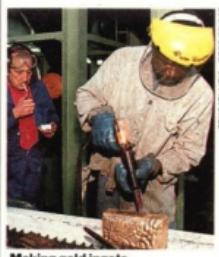
SOUTH AFRICA

Business as Usual

President F.W. de Klerk's policy of dismantling apartheid has reaped its biggest foreign policy reward to date. Meeting in Luxembourg last week, the 12-nation European Community voted unanimously to lift the group's remaining economic sanctions against Pretoria. As soon as it is formalized, the move will end a five-year-old ban on the importation of South African iron, steel and gold coins that had accounted for \$700 million in annual trade before the embargo went into effect.

The action was a stinging defeat for the African National Congress, which had lobbied hard to keep sanctions intact. Said Congress spokesperson

Gill Marcus: "We still have a long way to go before apartheid is scrapped." Government-sponsored laws tearing down most racial restrictions, however, are expected to be approved by Parliament this June, and their passage will probably spur the U.S. to reconsider its own sanctions against South Africa. ■



Making gold ingots

BRITAIN

The Doctor Is In . . . for Now

She describes herself as a healing therapist, but to her landlord Sara Dale is a pain in the neck. British Chancellor of the Exchequer Norman Lamont discovered via London's tabloids last week that he had rented his million-dollar home in Kensington to a tenant who the *Newspaper of the World* claimed conducted kinky sadomasochistic sessions in the basement. Dale denied she was a prostitute and explained that she helps people with a variety of problems, not all of them sexual. But she admitted that her techniques occasionally require that she use whips and chains on her clients—a service for which she charges \$100 an hour.

Lamont, who lives in the



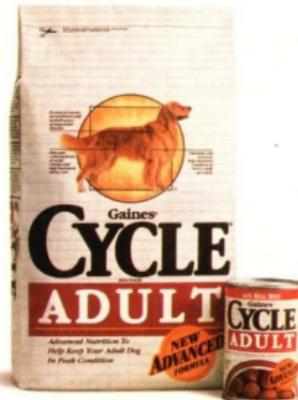
Healing therapist Sara Dale

Chancellor's official residence, No. 11 Downing Street, has begun proceedings to have Dale evicted on the grounds that she broke a rental agreement by using the home for business. The 40-year-old mother of three says, "I have got to stand up for what I believe is right," and she is fighting to stay. ■

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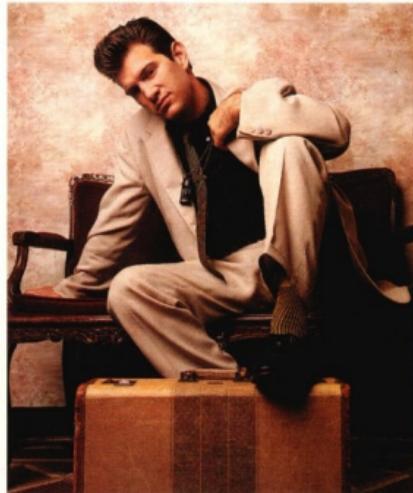
By SOPHFRONIA SCOTT / Reported by Wendy Cole

Melting Pot

Little girls do grow up in the most delightful ways. Take **Vera Ziemian**, for instance. Just three years ago, she was a member of a refusenik family in the Soviet Union and wrote to Ronald Reagan asking for his help in leaving the country. The Ziemians eventually made it to the U.S. with the ex-President's help, and today Vera, 15, is thriving in Waltham, Mass. She lives with her parents in a white clapboard house with a copy of the Declaration of Independence on the dining-room wall. And Vera has been accepted by the best private schools in the East. She's chosen Milton Academy. Vera's standards: "The teachers were O.K., but I liked the food and the dorm." ■



STILL FROM A FILM BY ANNETTE AND MICHAEL MAYER



CHRIS ISAAK - CONNIE

Wicked Rise to Stardom

With the face of Ricky Nelson and a voice like Roy Orbison's, a guy can't go wrong, right? Wrong. **CHRIS ISAAK** has such qualities, but it took three albums to get them fully appreciated. The pompadoured crooner's latest album, *Heart Shaped World*, founded before being tapped by director David Lynch, who used a version of Isaak's song *Wicked Game* for the sound track of his film *Wild at Heart*. That sparked disk jockeys to play the original. Now even Bruce Springsteen wants tickets to Isaak's concerts. But success has changed Isaak, 34. "I comb my hair all the time now," he says, "and when I go out, I put on a clean T shirt." ■

Call Him King Xerox

And you thought the Church Lady was forever. Like all jokes, her gag got old, but *Saturday Night Live* has finally found a new one. He's Richard ("the Richmeister") Laymer, played by **Rob Schneider**. Rich is a deskman who only gets to see his fellow workers when they use the nearby copy machine. Then he greets them in his own special way, calling out twisted variations of their names: "Tom! The Tommeister! Doing his copying thing! The Tomster!" Schneider, 26, believes folks can relate to

him. "America likes this guy," he says. "There's always a guy who thinks he's a joker in the office." ■



ROB SCHNEIDER - PAUL MIRANDA

Wearing Pants

Many actresses would kill to play George Sand, the 19th century female novelist who tramped about in men's clothing and loved pianist Frédéric Chopin. But how many could pull it off? **Judy Davis** has proved she can in the romantic comedy *Impromptu*, to be widely released in May. Davis, 35, considers the tale a "frolicky piece" despite its arty credentials. The flick may help the Australian actress stride into the mainstream—a place she hasn't been since her 1984 Oscar nod for *A Passage to India*. ■

Miffed Missy

Pity **Miss Piggy**. Just when she thought she'd get to join Mickey Mouse and his gang, the deal fell apart. All because her company, Henson Associates, couldn't agree with his, the Walt Disney Co., on a merger. But now the Hensons are upset that Disney is still using Miss



MISS PIGGY - RANDY SHANKS

Piggy and her Muppet friends in ads and souvenirs. Last week they slapped Disney with a lawsuit, charging copyright infringement. Disney claims they have an "implied understanding" to use the Muppets, but try telling Miss Piggy. The sow has taken to her chaise with an ice pack and won't comment. ■



JUDY DAVIS - COLUMBIA



The President reads to elementary school pupils in Arlington, Va.: promoting creativity, competition and accountability

Education

A Revolution Hoping for a Miracle

George Bush announces an ambitious plan to provoke radical change in America's troubled schools—but without the money that might really make a difference

By RICHARD N. OSTLING

George Bush may be the savior of Kuwait, but in 1992 the voters will want to know what he is doing to save America. One early promise was to be "the education President," but his marks for that endeavor have been decidedly mixed. The President has apparently been doing his homework. Last week, striving to fulfill his promise to launch a major domestic initiative, he presented an ambitious national plan called "America 2000: An Education Strategy" to improve troubled U.S. elementary and secondary schools. Bush spoke of bringing about "a revolution in

American education." The goal is lofty enough, but the President hopes to perform a miracle: he is offering relatively little federal money to back up his plan.

Even so, there was a sense of relief that he was planning *something*. The blueprint, says California education superintendent Bill Honig, "is comprehensive, long-term and hits the important issues." Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers, calls it "a historic turning point in American education" and the boldest education initiative ever to come from the White House. If not a turning point, America 2000 is at least a talking point that forces attention on one of the

country's most serious problems. After his lackluster domestic performance to date, Bush intends to push broad educational changes through the power of the Federal Government and the clout of new Education Secretary Lamar Alexander.

Though revolution is too strong a term for the plan, it does call for firm steps to shake up the muscle-bound education establishment. It also aims to encourage creativity and competition among schools and make them more accountable to parents and taxpayers. The most controversial ideas:

ACHIEVEMENT TESTS. A panel backed by the nation's Governors is already work-

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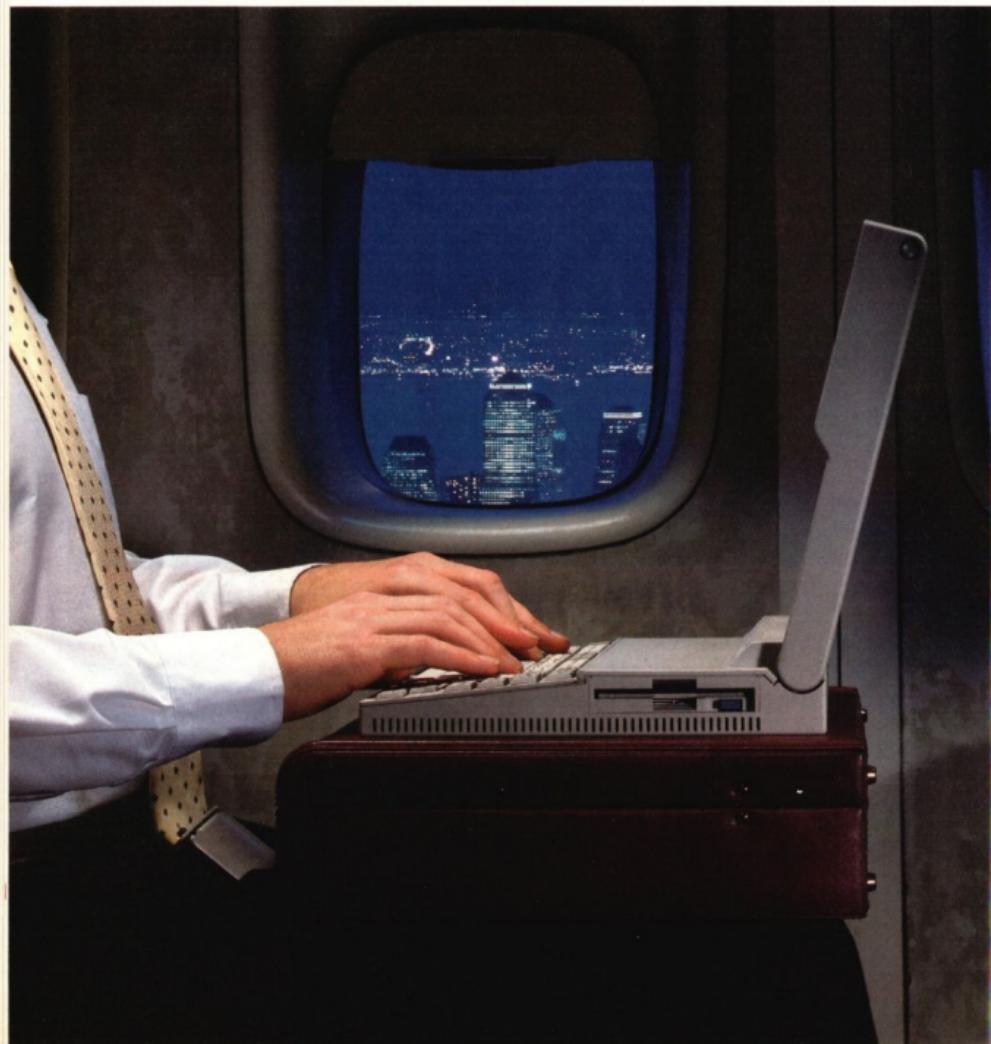
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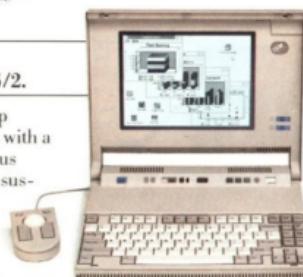


can plug into a phone line and communicate with other computers, access up-to-the-minute facts and figures—you can even write memos or place orders instantly and fax them to the home office. The PS/2 Laptop lets you work faster and more efficiently. So it's plain to see, this is no lightweight computer.

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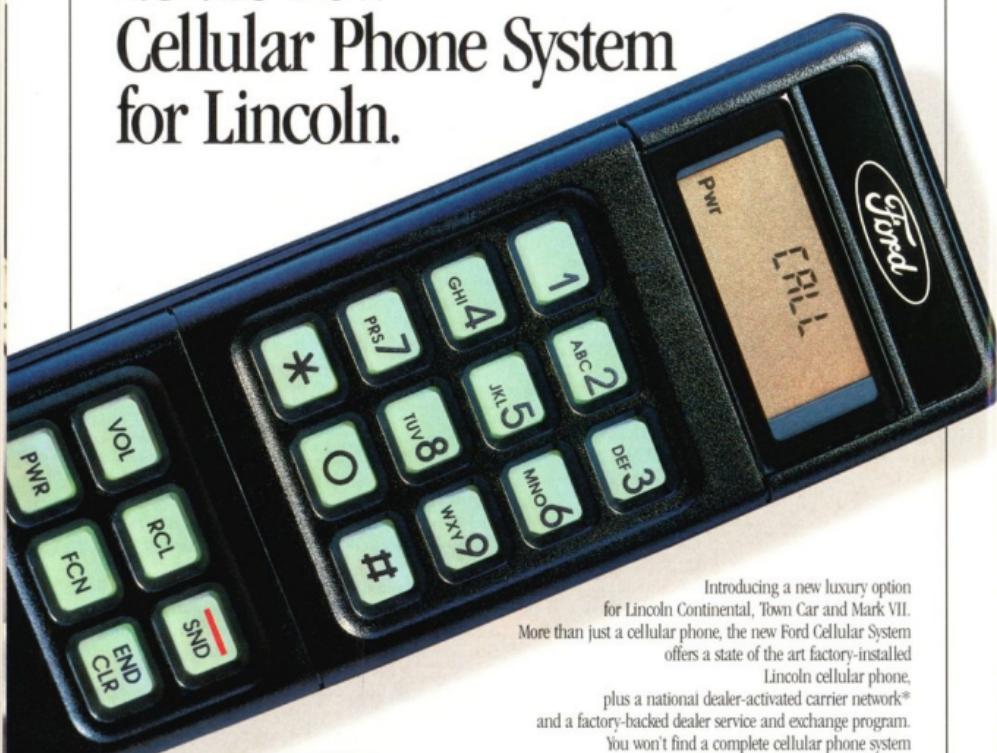
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ing to set standards for what youngsters need to know in the traditional core subjects of English, geography, history, math and science. Bush then wants to monitor performance through nationwide tests, beginning with fourth-graders in 1993; eighth- and 12th-graders would be included later.

Although test taking would supposedly be voluntary, Bush hopes that the scores will become a routine part of college and job applications, pressuring students and schools to do better.

REPORT CARDS. The government will exert further pressure by compiling results of these tests in public reports. This will allow comparisons of the performance of states and of the nation's 110,000 public schools. Again the idea is that citizens will demand progress.

NEW SCHOOLS. The President wants to "reinvent the American school." Federal grants of \$1 million each would go to start 535 brand-new experimental schools by 1996, with at least one in each congressional district. Meanwhile, businesses would contribute \$150 million or more to a research-and-development fund. The schools would "break the mold," says Bush. Sponsors could be public or private. Once reforms are working, he hopes, a populist ground swell will demand that they be imitated.

Much of the rest of America 2000 is either conventional, cosmetic or fuzzy. Bush reiterated his desire that states replace public school monopolies with parental "choice" among competing public and private schools. The report recycled some widely used remedies—merit pay and alternative-teacher certification, for example. The President also urged greater efforts to improve adult literacy and job skills, and he recognized—without promising big money—that community ills must be addressed if pupils are to perform.

The President plans to ask Congress for \$690 million to carry out his new strategy in fiscal 1992, but that money will simply be shifted from existing programs. To boost the use of choice, Bush wants Congress to give the currently allotted \$6 billion in federal aid for learning-disabled students to parents rather than to school districts. Federal funding provides only 7% of public school spending—and Bush intends to keep it that way.

Both Bush and Alexander believe more money will not repair U.S. education. In 1983 a report titled *A Nation at Risk* shocked the country into big spending in-

creases by warning that mediocre schools threatened the future of the U.S. Since 1980, per-pupil spending has gone from \$2,272 to \$4,639, a huge jump even allowing for inflation. But by most measures, overall student performance has barely improved and in some respects worsened.

Obviously, something was needed besides the budget boosts and back-to-basics plans of the 1980s. To address the education crisis, Bush in 1989 summoned all the nation's Governors for the first meeting of its kind since the Depression. As a result, the Governors last year agreed on six ambitious—and probably unrealistic—education goals to be met nationwide by the year



Studying science: for too many, performance has barely improved

2000, among them purging all schools of drugs and achieving a 90% high school graduation rate. The new plan is aimed at meeting all six goals.

Fortunately, Bush now has an able team committed to tackling his program. In the 50-year-old Alexander, the President chose an energetic, politically wired secretary who plumped for educational progress as a two-term Governor of Tennessee, then ran the 40,000-student state university system. Alexander put together America 2000 following his selection for the job in December. His deputy secretary will be a front-rank businessman, Xerox chairman David Kearns, with seasoned educator Ted Sanders as No. 3. The research assistant secretary will be Diane Ravitch, a clearheaded Columbia University scholar. "For the first time, there is real leadership at the national level," says Thomas Kean, former New Jersey Governor and president of Drew University.



Master of the plan: Alexander

Some congressional Democrats, who traditionally guard education as their special province, felt outflanked by Bush's initiative, but not Senator Edward Kennedy, who last week rammed a \$472 million education bill through committee. Other Democrats appear willing to give Bush's new ideas an open hearing, but insist that increased social help for the disadvantaged is essential to boost education.

"Choice" is especially controversial. Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton is worried that Bush seems to want almost unlimited aid vouchers for private school parents. Secretary Alexander (who has two children in private schools) goes further yet. He believes that "a child ought to have a choice with public dollars of any school that is willing to be publicly accountable."

Aid for students in religious schools, he says, is "as American as apple pie." Alexander contends that increased school options will benefit poor families the most, though many educators question whether those families will know how to work the system to their advantage.

As for accountability, there are sure to be furious debates about who draws up the exams and what they contain. Minority groups, upset over the ubiquitous SAT, are worried by super-tests. Educators grumble about "teaching to the test" instead of full-fledged instruction. Says Mary Futrell of George Washington University, "We're on a fast track to a centralized curriculum in this country. It will be bad if the test wags the curriculum."

The most glaring fault in the Administration's plan is that it says next to nothing about helping classroom teachers. "If you're going to make the schools better, you're going to have to make the teachers better too," says Thomas Wolanin of the House education committee staff. Or as respected Chicago principal Marva Collins puts it, "We need those already teaching to

admit that it has to be done differently." That will not be easy, nor will the various aspects of the plan produce quick results. "There will be no great transformation by the next presidential election," says Secretary Alexander. "You should settle in for the long haul." That appears to be what he and the President expect to do.

—Reported by Sam Allis
and Ann Blackman/Washington
and Katherine L. Mihok/New
York

Business

• COVER STORIES

Time to Choose

As energy needs rocket, America must face down old demons and decide on a role for nuclear power. Surprise: it's gaining new respect.

By JOHN GREENWALD

MICHAEL GOODMAN - PHOTOS BY RICHARD D. KARLINS



Nuclear power. The words conjure first the hellish explosion at Chernobyl that spewed a radioactive cloud across the Ukraine and Europe five years ago this week, poisoning crops, spawning bizarre mutant livestock, killing dozens of people and exposing millions more to dangerous fallout. Then the words summon up Three Mile Island (shown here) and the threat of a meltdown that spread panic across Pennsylvania's rolling countryside seven years earlier. From these grew the alarming television programs, the doomsday books, the terrifying movies, even the jokes (What's served on rice and glows in the dark? Chicken Kiev). Could any technology survive all that? It seemed this one couldn't. U.S. utilities ordered their last nuclear plant in 1978—and eventually canceled all orders placed after 1973. Nuclear power looked as good as dead.

Yet it lives. More than that, it is reasserting itself with great force. A survey of high-level policy leaders and futurists by

Yankelovich Clancy Shulman, released this month, shows a sudden upsurge in support for nuclear power following a decade of rejection. As the world worries about global warming and acid rain, even some environmentalists are looking a bit more kindly on the largest power source that doesn't worsen either problem: nuclear. New reactor designs would make accidents like Chernobyl and Three Mile Island impossible, or so the engineers say, and while much of the public is skeptical, some scientists are persuaded.

The sometimes theoretical debate is becoming intensely practical. As summer approaches and electric companies around the U.S. warn of periodic brownouts, people wonder, Where will we get more juice?

Nuclear power has a long way to go before it becomes the answer to that question. The public is afraid of it. Wall Street doesn't even want to hear about it. Most environmental groups are still virtually antinuclear. Yet here, there, in more places every day, support is building. The National Academy of Sciences called this month for the swift development of a new generation of nuclear

plants to help fight the greenhouse effect. The new atomic plants already on the drawing board (*see box*) would replace power stations that burn coal and oil, fossil fuels that belch heat-trapping carbon dioxide—the primary greenhouse gas—into the atmosphere.

Many scientists applauded the findings of the independent academy, which conducted a 15-month federally funded study of the greenhouse problem. Says Ratib Karam, director of the Neely Nuclear Research Center at Georgia Tech: "Nuclear energy is now the only major source of power that does not produce CO₂. In terms of global society, nuclear power plants are essential."

Even before the academy released its report, George Bush put forth an energy plan in February that proposed greatly speeding up the procedure for licensing the new generation of nuclear plants. That is critical: public challenges to plant construction have stretched out licensing to as much as 20 years and raised building costs to such intolerable levels that many utilities have been forced to abandon plants before they ever opened.

To speed the process further, the Administration wants Westinghouse, General Electric and other suppliers of nuclear plants to build them to a standard design that would be relatively simple to repair and maintain. France, which generates 75% of its electricity from the atom—more than any other nation—has used a standard reactor since the mid-1970s, enabling any nuclear engineer or plant operator to work on 52 of the country's 55 plants at a moment's notice. By contrast, each of the 112 U.S. nuclear plants, which produce 21% of the nation's electricity, was custom built at its site. So when something goes wrong, a specialist has to fix it, causing delays that tend to make U.S. plant shutdowns longer than in France.

The new push for atomic power gained impetus from the gulf war, which focused attention on America's appetite for Middle East oil. Nuclear advocates have long argued that atomic plants could help wean the U.S. from risky reliance on energy from one of the world's most volatile regions. The effect would be small. Most utilities have already phased out their oil-fired plants, which generate just 6% of U.S. electricity and represent about 3% of the country's overall use of oil. But nuclear proponents insist that new atomic plants would further reduce America's dependence on foreign oil, enhancing U.S. energy security while reducing polluting emissions of CO₂.

The threat of climatological change could lead to a rapprochement between the nuclear power industry and U.S. envi-

OF TWO MINDS

Which one of these energy sources should the U.S. rely on most for its increased energy needs in the next ten years?

Nuclear	40%
Oil	25%
Coal	22%
Other	5%

From a telephone poll of 1,000 American adults taken for TIME/CNN on April 10-11 by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman. Sampling error is plus or minus 3%. "Not sure" omitted.

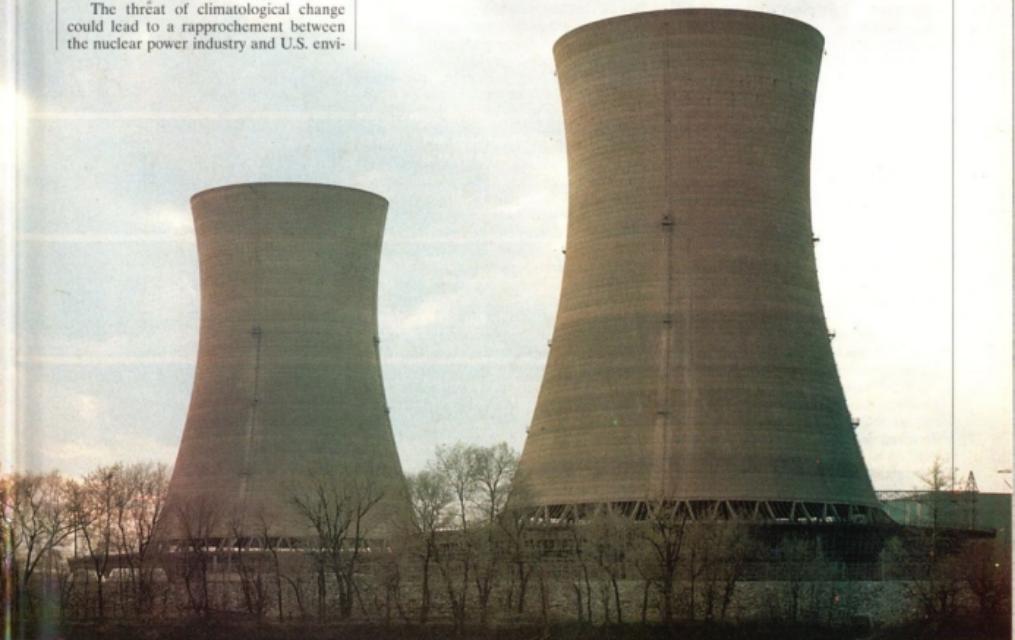
ronmentalists, long bitter foes. As they prepared to celebrate the 21st anniversary of Earth Day this week, leading environmentalists had the specter of global warming much on their mind. "Nuclear has a proven track record of producing large amounts of energy," says Douglas Bohm, director of energy at Resources for the Future, a Washington-based research group. "But the industry has to convince the public that the new technology will be safe and pose fewer problems."

Nearly everyone agrees that this chal-

Do you favor or oppose building more nuclear power plants in this country?

Oppose strongly	32%
Oppose somewhat	20%
Favor somewhat	22%
Favor strongly	18%

lenge will be key. It will surely be one of the most daunting public relations assignments of the century. After nearly 40 years of living with the so-called peaceful atom—once expected to make electricity “too cheap to meter”—Americans remain deeply ambivalent about nuclear power. A TIME/CNN poll conducted this month by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman found that 32% of the 1,000 adults surveyed strongly opposed building more nuclear plants in the U.S. vs. just 18% strongly in favor. So do Americans hate



nukes? Not necessarily. When asked which energy source the U.S. should rely on most to meet its increased energy needs in the next decade, a surprising 40% of respondents picked nuclear power, far surpassing the 25% who chose oil and the 22% who named coal.

The apparent contradiction results from the old not-in-my-backyard syndrome. Many people want nuclear power as long as it's generated elsewhere. Fully 60% of respondents said a new nuclear plant in their community would be unacceptable, vs. 34% who said it would be acceptable. Coal got a warmer reception. Only 41% considered a new coal plant in their community unacceptable, while 51% said it would be acceptable.

Such tangled feelings about the risks and rewards of nuclear power fit a worldwide pattern. In March the governments of Britain, France, Germany and Belgium—Europe's largest users of nuclear energy—jointly reaffirmed their commitment to the atom and pledged to cooperate in the development of new reactors. Yet while the statement recognized "the environmental benefits" of nuclear power and noted that it provides "one appropriate response to the challenges now confronting the entire planet," the signers warned that future development of atomic energy "must take place in conditions of optimum safety, ensuring the best possible protection both for populations and for the environment."

Safety is a vital global issue. A nuclear power accident anywhere stirs public fears about nuclear plants everywhere. Executives of U.S. utilities shuddered in February when the failure of a valve caused the worst mishap in the 20-year history of Japan's atomic power industry, crippling a plant in the town of Mihama, about 200 miles west of Tokyo. "When the skill and discipline of the Japanese falter," says Lawrence Lidsky, an M.I.T. nuclear engineer, "that means anyone can screw up."

The strongest motive for a U.S. nuclear renaissance is America's galloping demand for electricity. The Department of Energy says the country will have to raise its present generating capacity of 700 gigawatts—or 700 billion watts—another 250 gigawatts by 2010. That is the equivalent of 250 large coal or nuclear power stations. The need will grow more acute as existing nuclear plants, which were designed to last 40 years, are dismantled and buried. By 2030, DOE says, the U.S. will need 1,250 more gigawatts of generating capacity than it has now.

The hottest argument in energy circles focuses on the right mix of fuels and conservation methods to satisfy this proliferating need for plug-in power. The issue is not whether the U.S. has enough coal. Even if the nation chose to meet all its staggering

demand with its most popular fuel for generating electricity, coal, its reserves would last many decades. The question is whether America wants to bear the costs and effects of burning all that coal or would prefer the costs and effects of splitting some atoms instead.

Or perhaps it would rather do something else entirely. Environmentalists call for harnessing such renewable resources as wind and solar power and retrofitting homes and offices to use electricity more efficiently. The only trouble is that, according to the National Academy of Sciences report, "alternative energy technologies are unable currently or in the near future to replace fossil fuels as the major electricity source for this country. If fossil fuels had to be replaced now as the primary source of electricity, nuclear power appears to be the most technically feasible alternative."

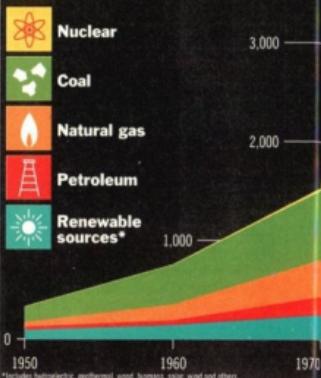
That endorsement marks one of the few recent positive developments for an industry that has been mired in misery for more than two decades. Faced with an endless round of challenges, U.S. utilities have walked away from 120 nuclear plants since 1974—more than all the plants now in operation. In New York State, the Long Island Lighting Co. gave up on its completed \$5.5 billion Shoreham nuclear facility in 1989 after local authorities refused to approve the firm's plans for an evacuation route for nearby residents in the event of a serious accident. The state now plans to buy the plant for a token \$1—and to spend about \$186 million to dismantle it.

Such fiascos have for years discouraged virtually every U.S. utility from even looking sideways at nuclear power. "We have no plans to build a nuclear plant," says Pam Chapman, a spokeswoman for Indiana's PSI Energy. The troubled company is still reeling from the financial crisis that sandbagged it in 1984, when it wrote off \$2.7 billion in construction costs for a half-built reactor. Concurs Gary Neale, president of nearby Northern Indiana Public Service Co., which scrubbed a barely started nuclear plant in 1981: "We're not antinuclear, but given the size of our company, I just don't think it ever would be practical for us."

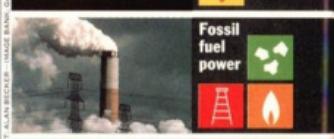
Nor is nuclear power currently practical for any other firms in America, Wall Street experts argue. "The first utility that announces plans to build a new nuclear reactor will see its stock dumped," warns Leonard Hyman, who watches electric companies for Merrill Lynch. Hyman estimates that abandoned U.S. nuclear projects have generated some \$10 billion of losses for the utilities' stockholders. "Investors are not quite ready to warm up to nuclear power just yet," says Hyman. "They're still recovering from their first chilling experience—and it was very chilling." He adds, "There is no demand for new plants, because no one wants to spend

POWER PUZZLE

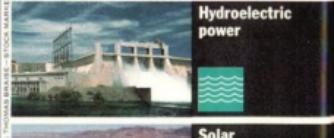
Net generation of electricity by U.S. utilities in billions of kilowatt-hours



Nuclear power



Fossil fuel power



Hydroelectric power



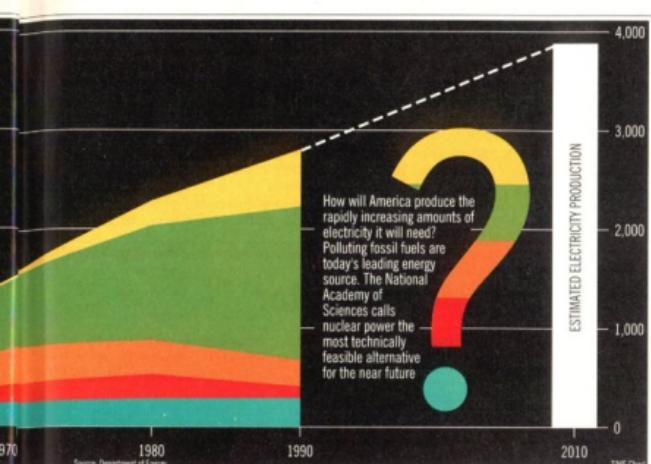
Solar power



Wind power



Conservation



the next 10 years in court or being picketed."

All that resistance stems from fear, and the overriding fear these days is of nuclear waste. Says I.C. Bupp, managing director of the Massachusetts-based Cambridge Energy Research Associates and a longtime student of nuclear energy: "There will be no nuclear renaissance until a waste-disposal program exists that passes some common-sense test of public credibility and acceptability."

The public's dread centers on the radioactive elements that remain in spent fuel rods after atomic reactions. While such highly toxic fission products as strontium 90 and cesium 137 have half-lives of only about 30 years, other intensely radioactive substances like plutonium will endure for tens and even hundreds of millennia, and are piling up fast. High-level waste—that which is most radioactive—from U.S. power plants is not voluminous. More than 30 years' worth totals 17,000 tons, a thimbleful compared with the slag that would result from generating equivalent power by burning coal. Yet this waste threatens to fill all available storage space at generating facilities, and the U.S. has made little headway in developing a safe final resting place for more of it.

Congress three years ago selected Yucca Mountain in a remote part of southwest Nevada as the site for a permanent underground repository. The state has fought the plan in a series of court battles that have helped delay the scheduled opening of the site to 2010. The DOE is meanwhile compiling a library of 10 million computerized documents that will attempt to analyze every aspect of the site to be sure it can safely hold the waste.

In light of all the turmoil, most people might be surprised to learn that a number of scientists say the waste problem can be solved with little fuss. The spent fuel rods can be buried in steel canisters thousands of feet below the surface, and experts can predict with a high degree of probability that a site will remain stable for hundreds or thousands of years. But as the public perceives nuclear waste, that's just not good enough. While the risks of so-called deep geologic disposal appear no greater than many others that Americans accept every day—crossing the street, driving a car—no scientist can guarantee that a disposal site will remain unchanged for tens of thousands of years or that groundwater may not seep into the containers at some point during the eons that the waste will remain radioactively hot. As long as the American public demands ironclad assurance that the waste cannot ever escape its containers, people's fears can never be entirely soothed.

Pros	Cons	Comments
Clean, derived from plentiful uranium; reactors and waste disposal are increasingly safe	Fuel and waste are highly radioactive	A potentially vast energy source; hugely oversold at first, now struggling to make a comeback
Fuels—coal, oil and gas—are abundant; technology is well understood	Produces greenhouse gases and other pollutants in large quantities	Increasing environmental costs of hydrocarbon fuels have become the strongest argument against them
Renewable, nonpolluting, inexpensive	Dams can harm fish and other wildlife and become clogged with sediment	Few opportunities for expansion in the U.S. because most available sites have been developed
Clean, renewable; on buildings can be used to heat water directly	Expensive; not well suited for regions without bright, year-round sunshine	Attractive but requires more development; may never be a significant source in some parts of the U.S.
Clean, renewable	Windmills require favorable weather and lack well-developed technology for storing energy	Offers some advantages of solar power in more limited applications
Reduces growth of demand for electricity by using it more efficiently	Can require extensive retrofitting of homes and offices	Effective and nonpolluting but not always economical; requires more development to become a major factor

Business

In France, where the state runs the nuclear plants, the public seems less fearful of nuclear waste. The French convert their high-level waste into a stable, glassy substance and store it in concrete bunkers at plant sites while experts study where to dispose of it permanently sometime early next century. "The most important thing to remember is that we have time to make a proper decision,"

says Bernard Tinturier, director of strategic planning for the government's Commissariat for Nuclear Energy. French scientists are considering four locations around the country, including clay deposits about 120 miles north of Paris and a shale site near the Loire valley. If the French seem calmly deliberate about the issue of nuclear waste, that may be because they view atomic power as a necessity rather than an option. With virtually no oil and little coal or natural gas, France has decided to rely on its rich uranium deposits as the primary source of fuel for its power plants. The country is pressing ahead with plans to construct seven new nuclear plants by the end of the decade.

With new nukes out of the picture in the U.S., utilities have been scrambling

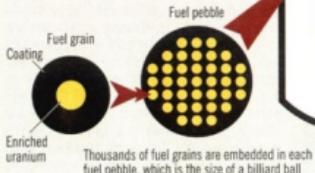
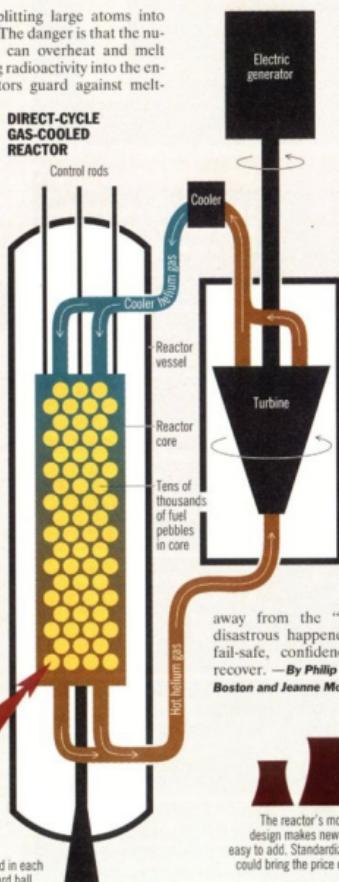
How to Build a Safer Reactor

All nuclear reactors work by splitting large atoms into smaller pieces, producing heat. The danger is that the nuclear fuel, unless properly cooled, can overheat and melt through containment walls, releasing radioactivity into the environment. Most commercial reactors guard against meltdown by ensuring that the fuel is always surrounded by circulating coolant, usually ordinary water. But what if a pipe bursts and the water is lost? Or if the water boils off? To prevent such mishaps, today's reactors have backup systems and backups to the backups. But no matter how many layers of redundancy are built into a conventional reactor, it can never be 100% safe from a meltdown.

Enter the new generation of nukes. Virtually every manufacturer has drawn up plans for power stations that are simpler to make, easier to run and demonstrably safer than the nuclear piles now in operation. While Westinghouse and General Electric are concentrating on improving their water-cooled reactors, many nuclear scientists are taking a different approach. One design, the so-called modular high-temperature gas-cooled reactor (MHTGR), has even won grudging support from the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS), the most technically competent of the major antinuclear groups.

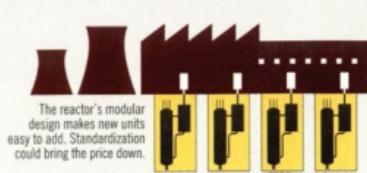
Proponents claim that the MHTGR (one type of which is shown here) is nearly idiot-proof. The key is to load a new form of

DIRECT-CYCLE GAS-COOLED REACTOR



nuclear fuel capable of withstanding very high temperatures—up to 3,300°F (1,800°C)—into reactor vessels so small that they cannot hold enough fuel to produce such temperatures. The fuel consists of tiny grains of enriched uranium that are coated in ceramic and embedded in billiard ball-size "pebbles" of graphite. The reactor needs no safety cooling system; helium gas flowing through the core simply carries away heat to power a turbine. Even if all the gas escaped, the core could not melt down. Lawrence Lidsky, an M.I.T. professor of nuclear engineering, calls such reactors "inherently safe" because they rely on the laws of nature rather than human intervention to prevent a major accident.

Critics are quick to point out that no reactor is really inherently safe; even the safest have their weak points. An analysis by the UCS last year concluded that a gas-cooled reactor designed by San Diego-based General Atomics was particularly susceptible to fires in the graphite that holds the fuel. And because the reactor had no containment structure, it was vulnerable to terrorists. Perhaps that is why the nuclear-power industry is quietly backing away from the "inherently safe" label. If anything disastrous happened to a reactor advertised as totally fail-safe, confidence in the technology might never recover. —By Philip Elmer-DeWitt. Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston and Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles





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Business

Which of these issues in building nuclear plants do you deem "very serious"?

Disposal of radioactive waste	89%
Plant workers' safety	77%
The possibility of an accident	75%
The plant's cost	56%



What worries people most: these containers of low-level radioactive waste are ready for shallow burial at Oak Ridge, Tenn.

to find other sources of the electricity they need to prevent summer brownouts and blackouts that hit when demand for air conditioning peaks. To handle the load, utilities have quietly placed orders in recent years for enough gas-fired generators to produce 30,000 megawatts of electricity—equivalent to 30 large nuclear plants. But gas has drawbacks as a long-term alternative to nuclear energy. Though far cleaner burning than coal, it is still a fossil fuel that emits at least some CO₂. Reliance on natural gas would require augmenting pipelines that link the energy-rich U.S. Southwest to the populous North and Northeast, an expensive undertaking with its own environmental hazards.

So utilities are turning with increasing vigor to other nonnuclear energy sources. California's giant Pacific Gas & Electric gets a substantial 14% of its generating capacity from renewable energy sources such as the sun and wind. Its neighbor, Southern California Edison, joined forces this month with Texas Instruments in a six-year, \$10 million project that will use low-grade silicon instead of more expensive higher grades to make photovoltaic cells that convert sunlight into electricity. Says Robert Dietrich, a Southern Cal Edison vice president: "This has the potential to be the type of breakthrough technology we've all been looking for in the solar industry."

An alternative energy source that will not become practical for a long time, if it

ever does, is nuclear fusion, which can use ordinary water as fuel. The difficulty is that fusion requires temperatures as high as hundreds of millions of degrees Celsius, and scientists have been unable to develop reactors that can handle that. Reports that some researchers achieved "cold fusion" at room temperature now produce more chuckles than heat.

The most productive nonnuclear, nonfossil power source in the long run may be not some new way of generating more electricity but new ways of using less. Instead of spending money to build plants, utilities sometimes find it more economical to offer customers financial incentives to use power more efficiently. In New York City, for example, Consolidated Edison spent more than \$8 million in January and February on rebates to customers who traded in their energy-hogging air conditioners and lighting fixtures for efficient new models. Notes John Dillon, a Con Ed assistant vice president: "The cleanest megawatt is the megawatt not consumed."

Most environmentalists emphatically endorse conservation as a superior alternative to nukes. "Over the past decade, the U.S. has gotten seven times as much new energy from savings as from all the net increases of energy supply," asserts Amory Lovins, director of research at Rocky Mountain Institute in Snowmass, Colo. "Efficiency is a clear winner in the

market, leaving everything else in the dust." Declares Lester Brown, president of the Washington-based Worldwatch Institute: "We as a nation should be hell-bent for efficiency. The exciting thing about conservation is, we have a huge potential for savings with already existing technology."

Other experts argue that the U.S. will profit from both conservation and nuclear power. "Conservation has tremendous potential," says Cambridge Energy's Bupp. "We have every reason to applaud the effort. But it will take time and good management to get the full results." Meanwhile, he says, the nuclear power industry has "invested \$1 trillion over the past 30 years making plants simpler, cheaper and safer. Nuclear power should continue to provide about 20% of U.S. electric generation over the next century because it does work."

That moderate proposal seems sensible, but it won't be easy to realize. No matter how much scientific support the stricken industry receives, it hasn't a hope of getting back on its feet without lots of help from Washington, and for the moment that looks uncertain.

Utility executives must be persuaded that ordering nuclear plants again can make economic, environmental and practical sense. The first challenge, already addressed in the Administration's recent proposal, will be to streamline the licensing process, which now requires a set of

public hearings before a plant can be built and another before it can start operating. In the case of New Hampshire's \$6 billion Seabrook nuclear power station, the second round of hearings kept the completed plant idle for three years, costing its owner, Public Service Co. of New Hampshire, an extra \$1 billion in interest and other expenses before the facility finally opened in 1990. To prevent such costly delays, the White House wants to accelerate licensing by compressing the two sets of hearings into one while still allowing for public comment before a plant starts up.

But that proposal seems sure to set off a furious battle in Congress that will test the depth of George Bush's commitment to nuclear power. "Congress is risk averse," says a House staff member. "The public doesn't like nuclear energy, and it doesn't want the right of a public hearing taken away." A careful reader of the public mood, Bush has so far shown little willingness to put up much of a fight for his program. Even chief of staff John Sununu, a former engineer who pushed hard for Seabrook when he was New Hampshire's Governor, has shown at least as much interest in blocking opponents of nuclear power from key jobs in the Administration as in promoting nuclear energy.

While the White House has dithered, the DOE has invested more than \$160 million in recent years to help develop a new generation of advanced reactors with standardized designs. Participants in the program include GE and Westinghouse, which have put up a total of \$70 million. Washington wants four designs ready for utilities to choose from by 1995. "The key is getting the first one built," says William Young, an assistant DOE secretary for nuclear energy. That would "let the public know what it can expect."

But the question remains: Who would buy such a plant? Wall Street experts say the most likely customers could be consortiums rather than individual firms. "The next generation of nuclear reactors will be partly owned by manufacturers as well as by utilities," says Barry Abramson of Prudential Securities. "Utilities want to spread the risks around this time." That seems to be happening already. Without much fanfare, for example, Westinghouse and Bechtel, a San Francisco-based engineering firm, have formed a joint venture with the Michigan utility Consumers Power to purchase and operate nuclear plants.

The federally run Tennessee Valley Authority could be another deep-pocketed customer for the first new reactor. TVA chairman Marvin Runyon says he may order a nuclear plant by the end of the decade. TVA also plans to restart one of three nuclear reactors at its Browns Ferry plant, near Athens, Ala., this summer. The facility had a serious fire in the mid-1970s and shut down in 1985 to correct safety problems. Runyon likes atomic energy because it is clean, but he lists four conditions that must be met if nukes are to regain the public's trust: "One-step licensing, standardized designs, a nuclear-waste-disposal pro-

cessors have been resisting the idea. Companies that have developed new technologies argue that they don't need the project to prove that their designs are efficient and safe. Firms whose plans are still on the drawing board are worried that the project would leave them out in the cold.

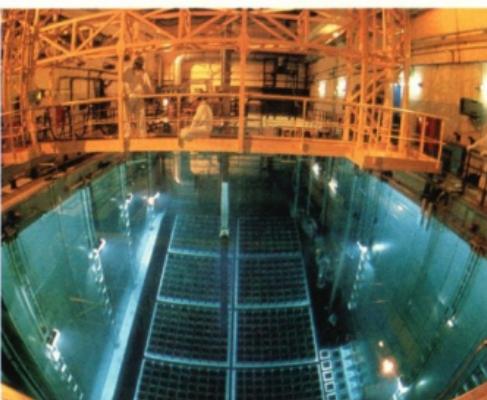
The bickering has left legislators shaking their heads. Bennett Johnston, a Louisiana Democrat who chairs the Senate Energy Committee, says he may drop a provision to fund demonstration projects from a bill he has co-sponsored to speed up the licensing of nuclear plants. Sighs a frustrated Senate staff member: "This is a hard industry to help."

It certainly is. Of all the genies unleashed by modern science, none has inspired more anxiety than the power of the atom. As if that were not disquieting enough, the industry has long been plagued by what Victor Gilinsky, an outspoken former member of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, has called "too many deep-dish thinkers," who believed the future belonged to nuclear power and often overstated its potential. "It became a way of life instead of just a practical way of generating electricity," Gilinsky says. "The whole thing just became too ponderous, instead of practical and sensible."

Now the U.S. must decide just how practical and sensible nuclear power—and other sources of energy—really are. Nukes worry the public far more than they worry scientists who have studied their technology, yet the decision must be a matter of public will. Would Americans rather run the risk of a worldwide rise in temperatures or take the chance that steel canisters filled with high-level radioactive waste might someday leak? Or would they prefer to minimize both risks in favor of heavy reliance on efficiency and alternative energy—and then not be sure the lights will come on when they flick a switch?

The choice should not seem anguish. After all, it's about how to improve the lives of a growing number of people in an expanding economy. But following any course will require years of commitment—and as projections of electricity demand soar, there is no time to lose.

—Reported by Jerome Cramer/
Washington, Thomas McCarroll/New York and
Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles



A pool at a nuclear power plant in France holds fuel rods ready to be loaded

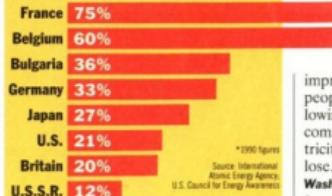
The public is still too spooked by nukes for the industry to go anywhere fast.

gram and a bold spirit of confidence."

That will be a tall order for a fractious industry that seems to have a knack for making things difficult for itself. Case in point: while some congressional lawmakers want to sponsor a demonstration project that would showcase new nuclear technologies and help streamline licensing procedures, squabbling manufac-

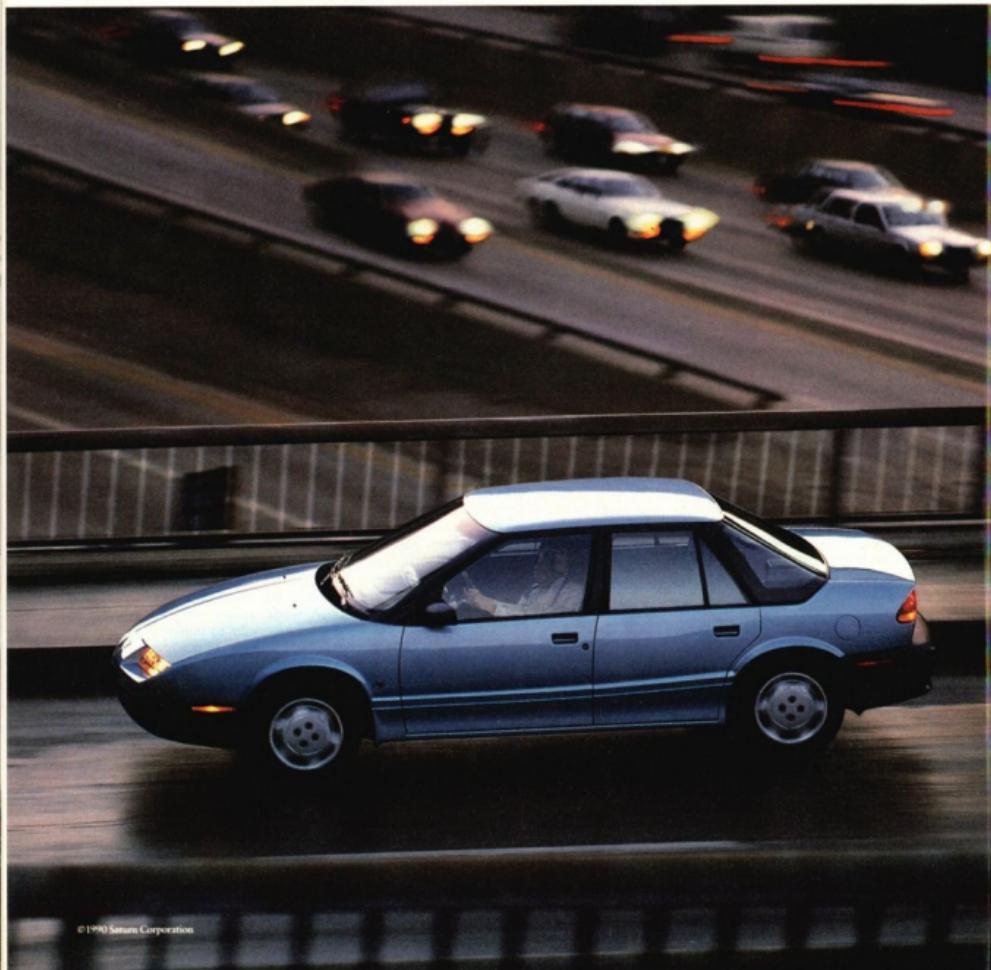
WHO'S GONE NUCLEAR

Percent of electricity derived from nuclear power*



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Who Knows How Many Will Die?

In a stunning new book, a Soviet nuclear expert details Chernobyl's causes and catastrophic toll

By JANICE CASTRO



The people of Pripyat had no way of knowing that their small Ukrainian town was dying that morning as they gazed at the ruddy glow over Chernobyl reactor No. 4 some 2½ miles away. It was a bright spring Saturday, April 26, 1986. A townsman came in from sunning himself on a roof, exclaiming that he had never seen anything like it, he had turned brown in no time at all. He had what

The full story of the Chernobyl disaster and its aftermath may never be known. Soviet officials have managed to keep most of the details secret. But in *The Truth About Chernobyl*, nuclear physicist and former Chernobyl chief engineer Grigori Medvedev gives a searing account of the accident. His book, published in the Soviet Union two years ago, will be released in English this week by Basic Books to coincide with the disaster's fifth anniversary.

Medvedev, who helped investigate the disaster, interviewed dozens of plant officials and workers, many of whom later died

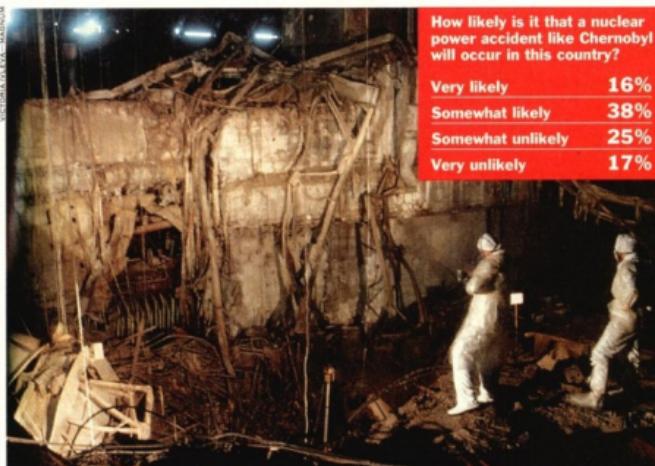
"silence" that had cloaked the Soviet nuclear power program in secrecy and lies for 35 years added to the human and environmental cost. In a country where nuclear accidents had never been reported, the pressure to cover up the monumental disaster at Chernobyl was enormous. Plant managers misinformed government officials insisting that the reactor was intact. Even as the radioactive cloud was spreading over thousands of square miles of Europe, Soviet bureaucrats were still denying the accident. At the same time, Moscow bosses quashed early requests by Chernobyl officials to evacuate the area, dooming many compatriots.

The scene Medvedev describes in the hours after the explosions is straight out of Dante. While fire fighters, engineers and others heroically exposed themselves to massive doses of radiation as they tried to contain the damage, Chernobyl's bosses moaned, wrung their hands and did little else. Meanwhile, all night, as the reactor core blazed, local residents calmly fished in the cooling pond just outside, watching the spectacle, oblivious to the danger.

No one had any way of estimating how much radiation exposure the Chernobyl workers suffered, since all the measuring instruments at the plant had gone off the scale. Nor did Pripyat doctors know much about treating radiation sickness. The windows at the clinic were left open as the fire roared a few miles away. The fallout was wafting in like sunlight, settling over everything. The doctors themselves were being poisoned: patients were emanating radiation.

The damage still grows. The Soviet government has compiled a registry of 576,000 potential health victims who may contract cancers and other diseases as a result of radiation exposure. But some top officials think at least 4 million people will be affected, most in the western U.S.S.R. but some as distant as Germany and Sweden. Radiation levels remain extremely high in parts of Belarusia, the Ukraine and the Russian republic.

Former Olympic gymnast Olga Korbut, who won three gold medals at the 1972 Munich Games, still lives in her Belorussian hometown of Minsk, 180 miles from Chernobyl. Part of the region is heavily contaminated with radiation, and she tells of how children learn about nature at special exhibits. "This is a bird," says the teacher, showing them plastic models. "This is a tree." In an area long known for its wild mushrooms, berries, flowers and the beauty of its forests, the children are no longer allowed to go into the woods. —Reported by James Carney/Moscow and Jerome Cramer/Washington



Inside the ruined reactor five years later: breathtaking ineptitude, ignorance and criminal negligence

would later be known as a nuclear tan. A few hours afterward, the man was taken away in an ambulance, convulsed with uncontrollable vomiting. Soon many of his neighbors were coughing, throwing up and complaining of headaches and a metallic taste in their mouth.

During the night, in the worst nuclear power disaster ever, a catastrophic series of explosions had shattered the reactor, blowing the roof off the containment chamber. Firemen had extinguished the initial fire but could not quench the combustion of the molten core that was now spewing 50 tons of radioactive isotopes into the atmosphere. Despite the lush beauty of the springtime scene, everything for miles around was drenched with lethal radiation.

of radiation poisoning. One sobering conclusion: it could easily happen again (the Soviet Union has 16 other reactors of the Chernobyl design). And in the U.S.? Because America has no such reactors, and because the accident resulted from a breathtaking level of ineptitude, ignorance and criminal negligence, Americans have little reason to fear a similar occurrence.

Many key plant managers and technicians at Chernobyl knew nothing about nuclear technology. Patronage held sway over professionalism when it came to filling top jobs that carried prestige and good pay. The accident, ironically, occurred during a safety exercise, when incompetent managers exposed the core, depriving it of vital cooling water.

What Medvedev calls the "conspiracy of

How likely is it that a nuclear power accident like Chernobyl will occur in this country?

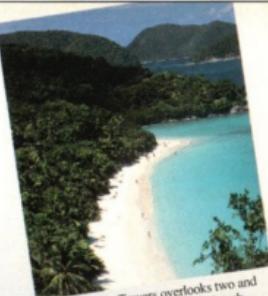
Very likely	16%
Somewhat likely	38%
Somewhat unlikely	25%
Very unlikely	17%

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Business Notes

FINANCE

Another Thou For the Dow

It could be on a brass plaque near the trading floor: on Wednesday, April 17, the Dow Jones industrial average closed above 3000 for the first time in history. But what does the long-anticipated bench mark really mean? Statistically, the Dow's performance was a thing of wonder. The index first closed at more than 1000 on Nov. 14, 1972, took more than 14 years to close above 2000, then raced to last week's record-breaking



Traders grin as market flies high

3004.46 close in little more than four years, barely missing a beat even during the crippling crash in October 1987. The milestone demonstrates that despite grim indicators like last month's 6.8% unemployment rate, investors are already anticipating a rebound from the recession.

Yet for all the hoopla, many Wall Streeters don't much care about the Dow, based on a mere 30 blue-chip stocks. More broadly based market measures such as the Standard & Poor's 500 and the Nasdaq composite index have already hit record highs. The breaching of the 3000 barrier may have more psychological than economic significance. "The Dow is purely the public's index. No money manager whom I know pegs his or her results to the Dow Jones," says Wharton School finance professor Jeremy Siegel. When adjusted for inflation, even the Dow has seen more spectacular days. A Feb. 9, 1966, peak of 995.15 remains its highest real value ever: in today's dollars, 4230. ■

CUISINE

Coming Soon: McOstrich?

Fanatically health-conscious Americans long ago deserted red meat, but they may soon flock back, attracted by a new entry on the menu: ground ostrich. Last month the Cuyama Buckhorn restaurant, about 160 miles north of Los Angeles, started serving ostrich burgers. Owner Ed Barredo charges the same for ostrich as for beef hamburgers, \$6.95, and says he is selling about 25 pounds of ostrich a week.

The meat is dark, tasty and similar to beef but has one-eighth the fat and 15% less cholesterol, with just as much protein. Ostrich meat is lower in calories than even chicken and

LABOR

Casey Jones Walks Out

In the age of the space shuttle, American industry still lives by the stodgier, workaday technology of the railroad. The proof: less than 24 hours after 235,000 railworkers went on strike last week against the nation's major freight rail companies, Congress, at the urging of President Bush, ordered the strikers back to work. Bush defended the action, saying that "the strike would cripple the economy and adversely affect national security." Some half million workers in the automobile and other rail-dependent industries faced



Bird today, burger tomorrow

AUTOS

Let Bygones Be Bygones

A decade after turning to the U.S. government for a rescue, Chrysler may again be looking for help in weathering a financial crisis—this time in Japan. Mitsubishi, Chrysler's longtime Japanese partner, is reportedly prepared to put \$200 million to \$300 million into the U.S. automaker. In return, Mitsubishi would get more control over the Diamond-Star Motors joint venture that builds cars for both companies at a new plant in Normal, Ill. For Chrysler the deal would mean a respite from a recession that has cut sales more than 20% and left the company facing a first-quarter loss estimated at \$250 million to \$300 million.



The odd couple: Lee and Japan



Maryland railroad workers on the strike's first—and last—day

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

Saviors Of the Planet

On Earth Day, seven grass-roots heroes win the esteemed Goldman Prize



Endangered Earth

"Think globally, act locally" has become environmentalists' motto. To reward individuals who take this principle to heart, the Goldman Environmental Foundation in San Francisco last year created a kind of Nobel Prize for the green movement. The \$60,000 awards are given annually to representatives from six continents for "their grass-roots efforts to preserve and enhance the environment." The awards have already been put to good use. Harrison Ngau used his 1990 prize money to campaign for and win a more exalted platform for his efforts to save Malaysia's forests: a seat in that nation's Parliament.

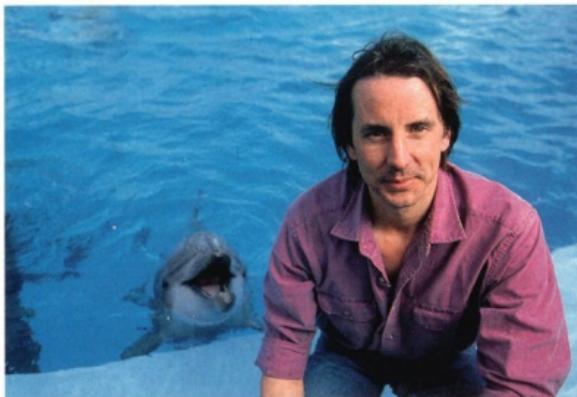
Rain-Forest Caretaker

Everybody wants to save the exotic plants and animals of the Amazon. But until quite recently, nobody seemed to notice that the rain forest is also filled with people—more than a million native Indians who have been hunting, fishing and gardening there for thousands of years.

That perception has started to change, thanks in large part to **Evaristo Nugkuag**, 41, a Peruvian who has emerged as the leading spokesman for the indigenous people of the Amazon. Born of the Aguaruna tribe and educated by missionaries, he watched firsthand the encroachment of loggers, miners and now drug traffickers on traditional Indian lands. Today, as president of a group representing 229 tribes, he argues persuasively that the best way to save the rain forest is to make the Indians its caretakers. ■



JOHN MAIER FOR TIME INC./CORBIS



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY L. COOPER

A Candid Cameraman of the High Seas

Environmentalists have traditionally used confrontation to call attention to their cause, but **Sam LaBudde**, a San Francisco biologist, chose a more subtle tactic: he became a spy. His mission was to document the indiscriminate slaughter of dolphins by fishermen using mile-long purse seines to catch tuna in the Pacific.

In October 1987, LaBudde, now 34, persuaded the owner of a Panamanian tuna boat to hire him as a deckhand. For the next five months he drove speedboats, cooked for the crew—and surreptitiously filmed the hundreds of dolphins trapped and drowned in the *Maria Luisa*'s nets. The resulting 11-minute video, aired on network news shows, not only triggered a nationwide boycott of tuna in 1988 but also

forced canners to change their ways. Last year H.J. Heinz, Van Camp Seafood and Bumble Bee Seafoods announced that they would no longer buy tuna caught in the dolphin-killing nets.

Since his exploits on the *Maria Luisa*, LaBudde, under the auspices of the Earth Island Institute, has filmed Asian drift-net vessels catching dolphins, turtles and sea birds 2,415 km (1,500 miles) north of Hawaii; investigated the illegal sale of walrus ivory in Alaska; and documented the decline of river dolphins in China's Yangtze River. "At times, I feel like the coroner of the environment," says LaBudde, who hopes that one day a cadre of cameratoting environmental investigators will share his mission. ■

Babes for the Woods

Sweden's **Roland Tiensuu**, 12, thinks that preserving the earth is too important to be left to grownups. Three years ago, the boy learned from his teacher, **Eha Kern** (who shares the Goldman with him), about the relentless destruction of the rain forests in Latin America. Tiensuu was worried that by the time he and his classmates grew up, there would be no rain forests left to save. "I thought, 'There must be something we can do,'" he recalls. "I saw a television program where people planted trees to replace some of those that had been cut down. But, of course, we couldn't do that because we lived far away in Sweden. Then I thought that instead we could buy the rain forest."

Under Kern's energetic guidance, Tiensuu and the rest of the class organized a bake sale in their small village of Fagervik

and raised enough money to buy four hectares (10 acres) of rain forest in Costa Rica's spectacular Monteverde Reserve. Their campaign gave birth to Barnefonden Regnskog, or the Children's Rain Forest, a nonprofit organization whose young supporters in several thousand Swedish schools have bought 7,000 hectares (17,300 acres) of jungle with the \$1.5 million they have raised so far. Schoolchildren in Germany, Japan and the U.S. have followed suit. In appreciation, the Monteverde Conservation League, which maintains the reserve, has named part of the rain forest the Bosque Eterno de los Niños, or Children's Eternal Forest. ■



ROBIN KORNBERG FOR TIME INC./CORBIS

Japan's Green Gadfly

Just a few years ago, Japan loomed as an environmentalist's nightmare. While the rest of the world was awakening to an unfolding ecological calamity, Japan was defiantly importing such environmentally sensitive items as ivory and tropical timbers without apparent regard for the consequences. More recently, however, Japan has begun to turn around. The nation imposed a moratorium on ivory imports, altered fishing practices that threaten sea life, and has begun to discuss reducing its consumption of tropical woods. Part of the credit for the change must go to **Yoshi Kuroda**, a Japanese environmental activist who exposed the mayhem wrought by Japan's hunger for timber.

Japan had only a tiny environmental movement when Kuroda founded the Japan Tropical Action Network in 1987. One of his first projects was to document Japan's huge role in the tropical-timber trade in a study published by the World Wildlife



Fund. To make sure the message hit home, Kuroda staged a series of publicity stunts in Tokyo. In 1989, he marshaled the press in front of Marubeni, a timber importer, and presented bewildered officials with a giant cardboard chainsaw as a grand prize for rain-forest destruction.

Cheerful and cherubic, Kuroda still leads the life of an ascetic. A fellow environmentalist observed, "If the high-powered conservationists out of Washington had to live in his apartment with his income, they would quit in five minutes." Kuroda is pleased that his government has begun to respond to his campaign, but he shows no sign of quitting. "Japanese people have a responsibility for the destruction of Sarawak's forests," he says. "If they can understand that, the forests can be saved." ■



Planting Trees—and Hope

As Kenya's leading environmentalist, **Wangari Maathai** has been honored as a hero and denounced as a subversive. Maathai, 51, is the founder and director of the Green Belt Movement, a 14-year-old tree-planting project staffed primarily by women. The internationally acclaimed movement, which has spread to a dozen African nations, has planted 10 million trees. The goal: to counter rampant tree clearing and

the advance of the African desert, which contribute to poverty and hunger. To date, 50,000 Kenyan women have worked in 1,500 GBM nurseries, earning 4¢ for each tree they tend; funds come from benefactors on four continents.

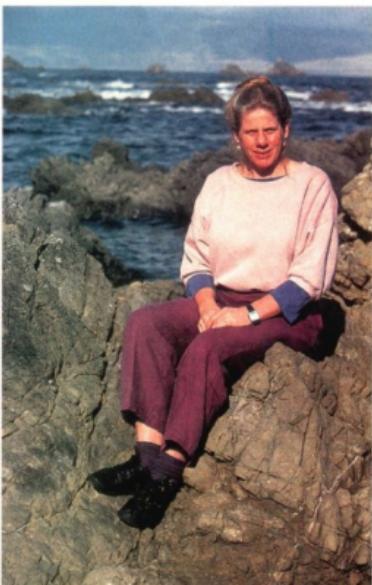
Maathai, the first woman in Kenya to earn a Ph.D. (in anatomy) and to become a professor at the University of Nairobi, has at times crossed swords with the Kenyan government for questioning aspects of modernization. In 1989 she was thrown out of her state-owned offices when she opposed construction of a 62-story skyscraper—the tallest on the continent—in a public park in Nairobi. Maathai simply moved her headquarters into her home, and triumphed as investors withdrew their support from the project. Maathai is philosophical about such battles: "You cannot fight for the environment without eventually getting into conflict with politicians." ■

An Ardent Advocate for Antarctica

With a marine biologist mother, agricultural scientist father and relatives who variously helped create the British Labour Party and served in the French Resistance, how could **Catherine Wallace** of New Zealand turn out to be anything but an ecological crusader? She got the call to action 12 years ago, when she learned that a mining company had obtained exploration rights from the government for the forest lands on her family's sheep ranch on the North Island's rugged Coromandel peninsula and was about to excavate. "I thought this was outrageous and unjust," recalls Wallace, now 39 and a lecturer in resource economics at Victoria University in Wellington. "I began to protest strongly not only about people marching onto private property but possibly destroying it as well."

Wallace managed to halt the project, and has been battling other acts of "environmental vandalism" ever since. Her fiercest and most ambitious campaign is not quite so close to home: the preservation of Antarctica. She wants it declared a world park, with limited tourism and a ban on industry and mining. Otherwise, she fears, "people will behave like junkies, drilling

and digging until there's nothing left." So far, a dozen countries, including Wallace's own, have endorsed a world park, but ecological gluttons, like the U.S. and Britain, have yet to sign on. ■



Race and the Death Penalty

A high-court move to halt repeated appeals stirs concern about an arbitrary process

By JILL SMOLOWE

The death penalty symbolizes whom we fear and don't fear, whom we care about and whose lives are not valid," says Bryan Stevenson, the director of Alabama's Capital Representation Resource Center. Fair enough. Just whom do Americans fear—and whom do they care about? The answers to these questions of life and death lie in a set of dry but startling statistics:

- Of the 144 executions since the 1976 reinstatement of the death penalty in the U.S., not one white person has been executed for the killing of a black.

- In those 144 killings, 86% of the victims were white, although roughly half of all murder victims in the U.S. are black.

- Of the 16,000 executions in U.S. history, only 30 cases involved a white sentenced for killing a black.

Yet when Warren McCleskey, a black death-row inmate in Georgia, petitioned the Supreme Court in 1987, arguing that his capital sentence should be overturned because the race of his white victim played a significant role in his sentencing, his claim was rejected. Presented with data demonstrating that murderers of whites are four times as likely to receive the death penalty as murderers of blacks, the court allowed that the link between a victim's race and the imposition of the death penalty was "statistically significant in the system as a whole." But, the court concluded, no petitioner could rely exclusively on such statistics to show that "he received the death sentence because, and only because, his victim was white."

Last week McCleskey again petitioned the Supreme Court. This time he sought to have his conviction reviewed on the ground that his constitutional right to counsel had been violated when the police

used a jailhouse informer to obtain a confession from him; this time the court was even sterner in its rejection. In a 6-to-3 ruling, the majority said such repeated petitions as McCleskey's "threatened to undermine the integrity of the habeas corpus process." Then the court set tough new standards that severely curtail a state prisoner's ability to bring claims of violations

the criminal-justice system that are going awry," says Randall Kennedy, a professor at Harvard Law School. "Who's going to shine a light on the way the system works other than the people enmeshed in it?" Gerald Chaleff, one of Southern California's top criminal-defense attorneys, warns, "You judge a society by how it imposes its harshest penalty, and in the U.S. we are now in a rush to see that it happens quickly rather than that it happens fairly."

In many of the 36 states that have capital-punishment statutes, the decision concerning who shall live and who shall die often has disturbingly little to do with the heinousness of the crime. More pertinent factors commonly involve the race of the victim and the competence of the defendant's counsel. Many legal experts believe the race of the defendant also plays a role—12% of the U.S. population is black, though blacks constitute 50% of death-row inmates—but the evidence is equivocal. "The trouble with the death penalty is that it's like a lottery," says law professor Steven Goldstein of Florida State University. "There are so many discretionary stages: whether the prosecutor decides to seek the death penalty, whether the jury recommends it, whether a judge gives it."

Nowhere is that point illustrated more starkly than in Columbus, Ga. Since Georgia adopted its current death-penalty law in 1973, four white men in the Columbus district attorney's office have decided which murders will be prosecuted as capital crimes. To date, 78% of their cases have involved white victims, although blacks are the victims in 65% of the community's homicides. Among the other factors that may create greater sympathy for a white victim or defendant: all four judges in the state superior court, which tries capital cases, are white, and often the juries are all white,



A stark symbol of whom Americans fear—and whom they care about

of his constitutional rights before a federal court.

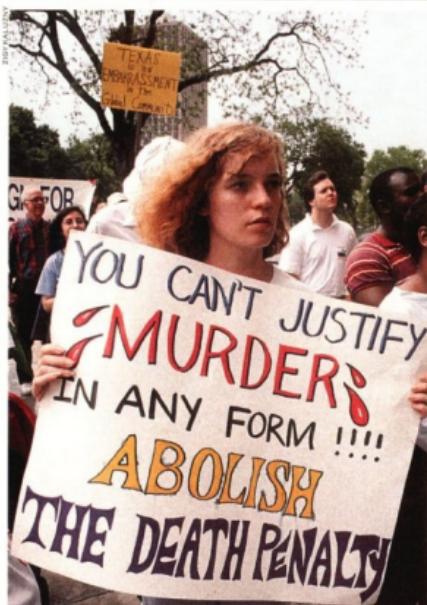
Legal experts who believe the death penalty in the U.S. is applied in an unjust and arbitrary fashion are further alarmed by this latest ruling. "When you cut back on procedural grounds, you're talking about preventing discussion of disputes that may shine a light on various areas of

although blacks account for 35% of the Columbus population.

Given the odds stacked against black defendants who kill whites, the results are perhaps predictable. Last February two men were convicted of murder in separate trials in Columbus. James Robert Caldwell, a white defendant, was found guilty of raping and murdering his 12-year-old daughter and repeatedly stabbing his 10-year-old son. His sentence: life imprisonment. Jerry Walker, a black, was convicted of murdering the 22-year-old son of a white Army commander at nearby Fort Benning during a convenience-store robbery. His sentence: death. Caldwell's trial lasted five weeks. Walker's lasted 12 days. His jury deliberated for 97 minutes. Says Stephen Bright of the Atlanta-based Southern Prisoners' Defense Committee: "The death penalty was imposed not for the crime in Walker's case but because of the race and prominence of the victim's family."

Columbus is not alone in its skewed application of justice. A 1990 report prepared by the government's General Accounting Office found "a pattern of evidence indicating racial disparities in the charging, sentencing and imposition of the death penalty." A midterm assessment of the Bush Administration's civil rights track record issued last week by the independent Citizens Commission on Civil Rights found a similar "pattern of inequity" in death sentencing. Richard Burr of the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund's capital-punishment project puts it more bluntly. "Prosecutors frequently pay no attention to the families of black homicide victims. They don't even stay in touch with them." Later this year Congress will consider a measure that aims to enable defendants to quash death-penalty sentences if they can provide evidence demonstrating a racial bias in sentencing patterns.

While Congress deliberates, defendants in capital cases must make the best of often terrible circumstances. According to the Washington-based Death Penalty Information Center, more than 90% of the 2,400 men and women currently on death row were financially unable to hire an attorney to represent them at trial. A few states, most notably California, take pains to ensure that defendants receive competent counsel. But in many states, particularly in the South, there are no safeguards. Because most states lack a public-defender system, courts appoint lawyers arbitrarily.



Protesting capital punishment in Austin: many legal experts contend that death sentences are doled out in an unjust and discriminatory fashion

ly. The result, says Bright, is that "people aren't sentenced for committing the worst crimes; they're sentenced for having the worst lawyers."

Often the lawyers tossed into capital cases are either the most inexperienced, the most jaded or the most unethical. A 1990 investigation conducted by the *National Law Journal* found that lawyers who represented death-row inmates in six Southern states had been disciplined, suspended or disbarred at a rate of up to 46 times that of other attorneys in those states. In Louisiana, the state with the highest rate of disciplinary action against death-row trial lawyers, the average length of a capital trial is just three days, and the average penalty phase lasts just 2.9 hours.

Small wonder, given how ill-prepared many of the defense lawyers are when they enter the courtroom. Some of these attorneys meet their clients for the first time on

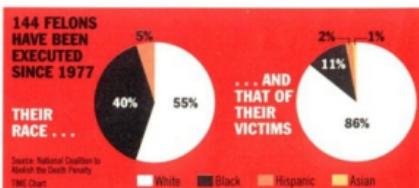
the day of arraignment. More than half the lawyers are handling a capital case for the first time. Some have drinking problems; others have decided biases. One Louisiana defendant learned that his lawyer was living with the prosecutor. A Florida man discovered that his public defender was a deputy sheriff. In Georgia, Eddie Lee Ross was defended by a white attorney who referred to Ross as a "nigger" and had been the Imperial Wizard of the local Ku Klux Klan for 50 years. Ross now awaits the electric chair.

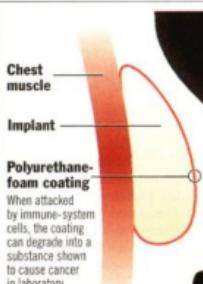
Even court-appointed lawyers with good intentions are hampered by stingy allowances. Many work in states where there is a cap on both fees and legal expenses. Arkansas imposes a \$100 limit on expenses and a \$1,000 maximum on lawyer's fees. California, by contrast, routinely approves two lawyers for capital cases, pays them each an average of \$75 an hour, and covers expert services, such as private investigators, which typically add \$5,000 a month more to the defense tab. The state bill in an uncomplicated case comes to about \$25,000, whereas in Arkansas, says Stevenson of the Resource Center, "we're asking lawyers to work for \$1 an hour." Next month two Arkansas attorneys will challenge the cap before the state supreme court.

This week the U.S. Supreme Court will hear arguments in the case of *Payne v. Tennessee* about the value of "victim-impact evidence." On two prior occasions, the high court ruled that at the time of sentencing in capital cases, it is improper to introduce testimony dealing with the impact of a crime on a victim's family. The Bush Administration is sending no less a figure than Attorney General Dick Thornburgh to the court to argue for Tennessee's position allowing such impact evidence. After last week's ruling in the McCleskey case, many legal experts are concerned that the

Justices this time will side with Tennessee. "The court is quite systematically knocking out regulations, streamlining the road to the electric chair," says Harvard's Kennedy. In the rush to make the process more efficient, the rights of criminal defendants are getting battered. *Reported*

by Jonathan Beatty/Los Angeles, Cathy Booth/Miami and Julie Johnson/Washington





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The white coating of a Meme implant removed from a woman's breast has clearly deteriorated. In her left hand is a noncoated implant.

Time Bombs in the Breasts?

Reports linking some types of silicone implants to cancer stir fears—but they may turn out to be exaggerated

By ANDREW PURVIS

Susan Cox, 49, was horrified. After a death-defying battle with breast cancer and a prolonged recovery that included reconstructive surgery, the Chicago nurse learned last week that the very implant used to repair her breast could raise her risk of developing cancer once again. "It hit me like a club," said Cox. "Am I going to have to lose my breast twice?" She was not alone in her fear. News reports about the risks of certain breast implants set phones ringing in plastic surgeons' offices around the country. In all, 700,000 American women have had implants after cancer surgery, and 1.3 million more have had them for breast augmentation. Though only 10% had received the type of implant being called into question, virtually all were terrified by the news accounts. "It's been chaos," says Dr. T. Roderick Hester, a plastic surgeon at Emory University. "A lot of women are scared to death."

But should they be? The reports were based on studies under way at the Food and Drug Administration. Scientists there had found that the polyurethane foam coating surrounding the Meme and Replikon brands of implants could break down in the body into a substance called 2-toluene diamine, or TDA. This chemical had been shown to cause liver cancer in laboratory rats. The most alarming news reports claimed that TDA could trigger cancer in as many as 4 in 10,000 women who received the implants.

But in an official statement later in the week, the FDA set the record straight.

Spokesperson Sharon Snider pointed out that the agency's analysis was not yet complete and that in any case the 4-in-10,000 figure greatly overstated the risk. "We don't know where those numbers came from," she said. Still, the FDA applauded a decision by the implants' manufacturer, Surgitek, a Bristol-Myers Squibb subsidiary, to halt immediately the worldwide distribution of the products until the investigation was completed.

Ironically, the Meme and Replikon implants, which are actually no different from ordinary silicone implants except for an added layer of polyurethane foam, were considered by many surgeons to be the best on the market. The older, smooth-shelled variety tended to cause surrounding tissue to tighten into a fibrous mass, sometimes leaving the breast misshapen and hard to the touch. But the polyurethane foam coating of the Surgitek products prevented this from happening by substantially increasing the surface area of the implant. When the neighboring tissue contracts, it does not become too compact. Surgeons who have used the models—which came into widespread use only in the past decade—swear by it, as do many women. Said one recipient: "They feel just like a non-implant pair of breasts."

The problem with the polyurethane is that when left in the body it can be attacked by cells in the immune system that zero in on foreign objects, chewing them up and walling them off. Just how much

polyurethane is broken down in this way is not yet known, though Surgitek has estimated that 10% to 30% might disappear within eight years of insertion.

Since silicone breast implants were introduced in the 1960s, many questions have been raised of their safety. Some recipients have complained of discomfort, recurrent infections and even disorders of the immune system. Another worry is that the implants might impede early detection of cancer. Partly in response to these complaints, the FDA ruled this month that manufacturers of all breast implants must demonstrate their safety by July or withdraw them from the market. The FDA's own analysis of the safety of polyurethane-coated implants is due out within a few weeks. "It is unfortunate," noted the FDA's Snider, that the leak of unfinished data "has created a climate of unnecessary fear."

Last week's reports will doubtless add to the number of implant recipients contemplating liability suits. The potential costs are enormous: in one case last month, a 46-year-old New York woman was awarded \$4.5 million after she claimed that polyurethane implants gave her breast cancer. The case is under appeal.

For now, however, surgeons are trying to put the potential risks in perspective. Dr. Norman Cole of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons is referring his patients to last week's statement by the FDA, which asserts that the potential risk of these implants is "certainly too small" to warrant having them removed. Says Emory's Dr. Hester: "Women need to know that they are not walking around with time bombs in their breasts." With any luck, the final FDA report will defuse their anxiety.

More than
2 million U.S.
women have had
breast implants.
About 10% are the
type in question.

Milestones

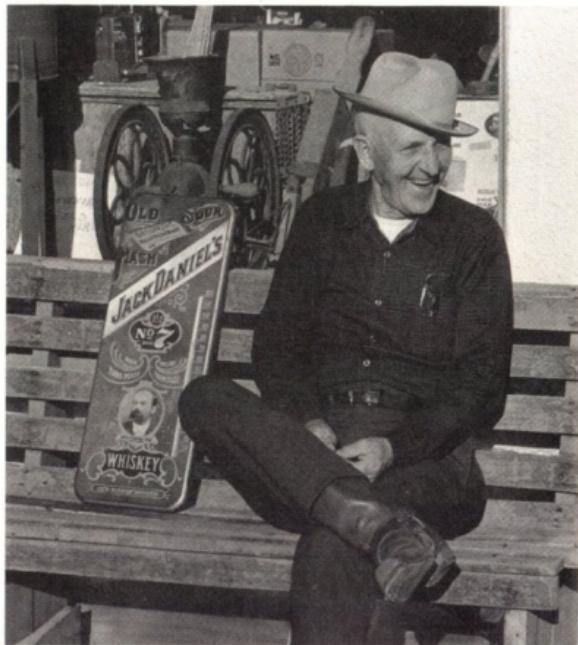
RESIGNATION ANNOUNCED. By Morris ("Mo") Udall, 68, 16-term Democratic Congressman from Arizona; owing to Parkinson's disease and injuries suffered in a fall at his home in January; effective May 4; in Washington. A staunch environmentalist, Udall has been chairman of the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee since 1977. One bill he sponsored was the 1980 Alaska Lands Act, which created 104.3 million acres of national parks, wildlife refuges and other protected areas. Udall sought the presidency in 1976 but lost the Democratic nomination to Jimmy Carter.

SIDELINED. Giancarlo Parretti, 50, Italian movie mogul who acquired MGM/UA film studios in a tortuous \$1.4 billion buyout last November and had been financially strapped ever since; in a top-management reshuffle that transferred the chairmanship of MGM-Pathé to Alan Ladd Jr.

SENTENCED. Mathias Rust, 23, private pilot who flew a plane past Soviet radar and landed in Moscow's Red Square in 1987; to 2½ years in prison for attempted manslaughter in the 1989 stabbing of a student nurse who spurned his advances; in Hamburg. The defense contended that Rust suffers from personality disorders induced by drugs he was allegedly given in a Soviet prison after his daredevil flight.

DIED. Homer Bigart, 83, acclaimed reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune* and the *New York Times*; in Portsmouth, N.H. Bigart, whose eloquent prose made even insignificant details memorable, won two Pulitzer Prizes and numerous other awards for his hard-hitting coverage of World War II, the Greek civil war, the Korean War and the U.S. civil rights struggle.

DIED. David Lean, 83, the raja of imperial cinema; in London. The director's films, which won 28 Academy Awards, spread the most intimate emotions—a lover's restlessness in *Brief Encounter* and *Doctor Zhivago*, a child's rootlessness in *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist*—on a huge, beautiful canvas. An old-fashioned adventure, Lean saw the whole world as a sumptuous back lot. He bivouacked in Sri Lanka for *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, on the Irish coast for *Ryan's Daughter*, in India for *A Passage to India*, in Jordan, Morocco and Spain for his masterpiece, *Lawrence of Arabia*. Sixty-plus years in films, Sir David cut as dashing a figure as any of his raked heroes. He spent his last years planning another epic project, Joseph Conrad's *Nostromo*.



We have a booklet of old Jack Daniel's items like this. If you'd like one, free, drop us a line or call.

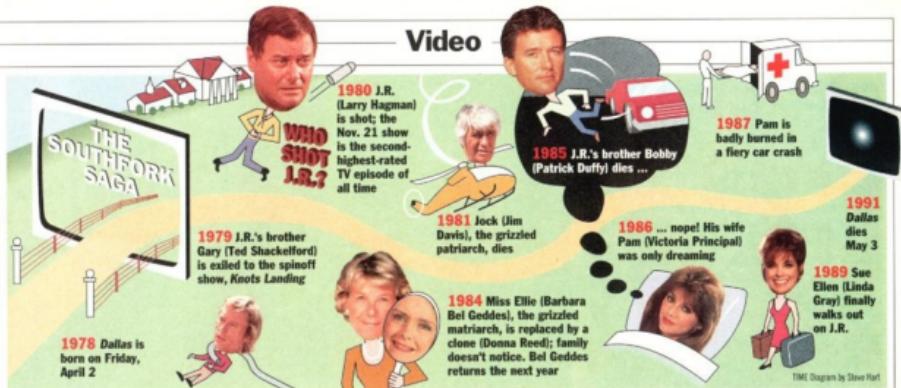
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TIME Diagram by Steve Hart

Goodbye to Gaud Almighty

After 356 episodes and more dirty deals than even Larry Hagman can count, J.R. and his Dallas clan go out in style

By RICHARD CORLISS

Pity the rich and famous. Either the tabloid press makes their lives an overexposed hell—or, even worse, it doesn't. Case in point, the Ewings of Dallas. Remember them? They first caused a stir in the late '70s, when Ewing Oil, their mom-and-pop-and-two-sons enterprise, became the largest independent in Texas. Then in 1980 J.R. Ewing, the scheming brains and black heart of the company, was nearly gunned to death by his wife's sister. A few years later, the wife of J.R.'s brother Bobby had a yearlong hallucination that Bobby was dead—'til one morning he showed up in the shower. Eventually, though, America wearied of the Ewings. When word got out that they finally planned to retire, a lot of people wondered, "Are they still around?"

Dallas, Lorimar's Ewing-family saga, is still around. The Who-Shot-J.R.? mania of 1980, when 300 million viewers in 57 countries waited breathlessly for the most successful cliffhanger in entertainment history, has abated, but enough people still watch the supersoap that its rating this season is higher than, oh, *thirtysomething*'s. On May 3, CBS will reunite many of the early cast members in a two-hour fantasy finale that leads J.R. through an *It's a Wonderful Life*-style tour of what *Dallas* would have been like without him. And tens of millions of viewers will gather to bid farewell to the most gloriously backstabbing clan since the house of Atreus. They might also pause to consider fondly what *Dallas* has meant to American pop culture.

In most ways, it was a conservative series, adhering to the conventions of series drama. But even in *Dallas'* debut, creator

David Jacobs offered beguiling variations: a dozen wealthy Texans living, fighting, snarling under one ranch-house roof, a catalog of venality that included every vice but coprophilia and a leading character (J.R.) with the morals of a mink. In its second season, *Dallas* became a cliffhanger, and viewers hung on. By the 1979-80 season, it was the sixth most popular show on American TV, and for the next five years, it finished either first or second.

The public chose well. For here, in 356 episodes of primal prime time, were the central conflicts of American life. Country (the Ewing home at Southfork Ranch) fought with city (the Ewing Oil building in downtown Dallas). Cowboys corralled oil slickers. Sons (J.R. and Bobby) double-crossed each other for their father's love. Daughters-in-law ached for the approval of a family that would always eye them suspiciously. Add myriad business rivals, mistresses, children and newly discovered relatives, and the conflict could keep roiling in a never-ending story, with cunning variations on the time-honored themes of sex, money, power and family.

There was a chastening moral here: that money was the root of all Ewings. But, really, *Dallas* was what it criticized. Endlessly fascinated with the lives of the rich and pretty, the show looked rich and pretty too, like a Black Forest cake. With sumptuous production values and characters who spent every available petrodollar, *Dallas* elevated conspicuous consumption to a secular religion: gaud almighty. It introduced viewers to the Greedy '80s, by establishing as a pop icon a Texas oilman who believed it's not what you get that matters,

it's what you can get away with. In that age of winks and nudges, Trumps and Harts, the show understood that any indiscretion can be turned into a career move, because America wants its celebrities to live out their excesses as well as their successes. J.R. and his brood got carte blanche to sin, as long as they did it in public.

But how long could they do it? Not forever. Intimations of mortality started dogging the show around 1986, with Pam's dream season. *Dallas* took their soap seriously, and the plot twist played like a declaration of facetiousness. After that, the show became a kind of dinner-theater version of itself—flaccid, repetitious, drowsier than the Texas economy—and receded discreetly into the haze of Has-Been. Even the ebullient Hagman had trouble keeping track of J.R.'s misdeeds: "I really can't remember half of the people I've slept with, stabbed in the back or driven to suicide." And why shouldn't the cast members be happy to take the money and trudge? "I'm never gonna get another job that pays this much," says Hagman, who serves as co-executive producer with *Dallas* mastermind Leonard Katzman. "Hell, I make as much as Jack Nicholson!"

J.R. has made—and lost—as much as Midas and Michael Milken put together. But finally J.R. has mellowed into a mood of valedictory twilight. Like the show he anchored, the aging Texan is again in fine form. He might have been speaking of *Dallas* when, in a recent episode, he mourned, "The world I know is disappearin' real fast." But it was left to his stalwart brother to put the series in perspective. "J.R.," Bobby said, "you and I have spent our entire lives tryin' to win Daddy's approval by fightin' with one another. Neither one of us givin' up until we were sure we were his favorite. Well, I've given up the fight. You are Daddy's son. The oil business is all yours, big brother. You've earned the right to Daddy's throne."

In the royal family of American melodrama, *Dallas* is Daddy on the throne. ■

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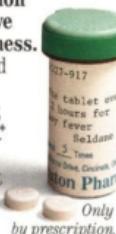


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*Definition of "risk of drowsiness" is incidence greater than placebo (a sugar pill).

†The reported incidence of drowsiness with Seldane (5.8%) in clinical studies involving more than 11,000 patients did not differ significantly from that reported in patients receiving placebo (6.9%).

‡Based upon worldwide prescription and distribution information (1986-1990)—data on file, Marion Merrell Dow Inc.

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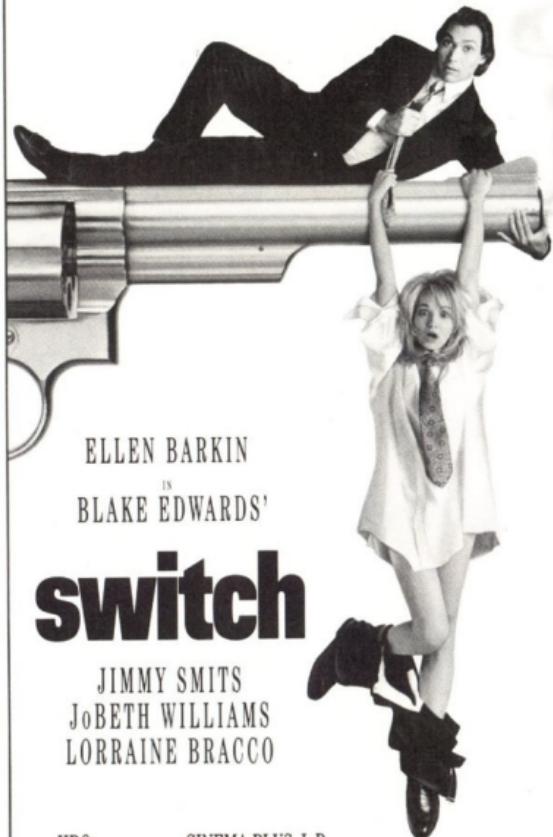
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Steve and Walter used to have a preference for blondes.
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Books

1 + 1 < 2

THE CROWN OF COLUMBUS
by Michael Dorris
and Louise Erdrich
HarperCollins; 382 pages; \$21.95

In the making of books, one plus one occasionally add up to less than two. Consider this highly touted first collaboration of best-selling authors—husband and wife when not at work—who have an array of awards to their credit. Curiously, the talent pooling has spawned a novel with as much spontaneity as if it had been plotted by computer.

Vivian Twostar—part Navajo, wholly feminist—is an assistant professor of anthropology, desperately seeking tenure. As the story laboriously unfolds, Vivian gives birth to a daughter by her once and future lover Roger Williams, poet and English prof. She is a sensual, lapsed Catholic Earth Mother. Roger is Mr. Stuff: a New England Episcopalian with neat-freak closets and a kitchen full of name-brand gizmos.

Now guess where these two polar-opposite paragons teach. You got it: Dartmouth, viddy Ivy League but founded as a prep school for New Hampshire Indian lads. Their common link, besides furtive lust, is Christopher Columbus. She has been asked for an article on the quincentennial of his first voyage from her people's perspective. He is laptopping an epic poem on the great explorer. In pursuit of Columbus' lost diary, Roger and Vivian fly to Eleuthera in the Bahamas as guests of a junk-bond financier on the lam. This quasi Milken thinks Vivian knows the secret burial site of a golden crown that Queen Isabella gave Columbus. But what if it was a crown of a different kind?

Wild church mice could not drag further clues from this reviewer. Those who care about the answer may want to wait for the movie, which should be at your local plex not long after the paperback edition hits the discount shelves.

—By John Elson



Coauthors Dorris and Erdrich

Revenge of the Disco Babies

C + C Music Factory fine-tunes the dance-music assembly line

By JAY COCKS

Attention, strollers: Have you noticed those guys in the fancy jackets and shades, walking close behind you, listening as you hum to yourself, checking out your look? Don't worry about it. They don't want your wallet. They want to make you a star.

"We are very close to the street," says David Cole, 28, one half of C + C Music Factory, one of the hottest producing duos in dance music, a mad-mad, producer-relian subspecies that has jumped out of the clubs and cornered the pop charts. "We were born in dance music. We are disco babies."

The C + C Music Factory debut album, *Gonna Make You Sweat*, has hit No. 2 on the *Billboard* pop-album chart. Its first single, the title track, reached No. 1; its second, *Here We Go*, is also heading for a high perch. "They tried to kill disco, and it's back," adds the other C, Robert Clivillés, 26. "They just call it dance music now. It's a big deal. It's the people's choice."

Cole calls dance tunes "the rock music of the '90s," and it's not necessary to have the vision of Nostradamus to see how dance music is dominating the sound and sales of contemporary pop. M.C. Hammer, Madonna, even the rightly reviled Vanilla Ice have taken dance, with some rap overlay, and spiffed it up for the mainstream. "It started as a minority situation," says Clivillés, who was a deejay in a New York City club when he met Cole five years ago. "But now it is moving into major markets."

In fact, dance is its own major market, and the key players are not performers but producers. "That's the guy who puts it together," says Clivillés. Producers who take a strong hand in shaping the sound and image of a group are a staple of rock history, at least as far back as the early '60s and the grand studio excursions of Phil Spector. But never before have producers been so front and center with their creative sound twisting and image mongering. As for C + C's masterminds, "I think we're more a part of the group than other producers are," says

Cole. Even so, while C + C Music Factory uses vocalists Zelma Davis, Freedom Williams and the scantily credited Martha Wash, their names appear only in the production notes and liner material. It's C + C that—as they say in the movie biz—puts its name above the title. The attractive Davis and Williams appear on the album cover, but, to the uninitiated, they could very well be C + C. "I don't really want to be a star," Cole insists. "I just want to be successful.



Seldom have producers been so prominent a part of the package. But one vocalist claims she isn't getting the recognition she deserves.

Robert and I would both like to create—or help create—superstars, the Madonnas, the Michael Jacksons, James Browns."

And how exactly do they do this? Well, they master recording-studio technology. (Cole: "It's hard to reproduce a guitar sound without being able to play a guitar, but you can do just about anything else with a keyboard and a computer.") Then they hit the streets to find their stars. "We just go out and look," Cole insists. "We look in churches, clubs, restaurants. You see somebody walking down the street humming to themselves. You walk closely

so you see how they sound. Then you ask them. You see someone who has the right look. You stop them and ask them." The C + C method is to use the vocalists to front its house productions, then develop solo projects for them if the hits keep coming. Clivillés and Cole play drums, percussion and keyboards, write the songs, and do all the arranging. The result is as slick as the Rockefeller Center ice rink in February, and just as chilly: plenty of fancy footwork, and a radical shortage of heart.

That is not to say that C + C lacks energy or an infectious sense of playfulness. *A Groove of Love* is a funny parody of macho-music posturing. Ice-style ("Love to me means tight butt jeans/ Girls they only waste time with crushed dreams/ The mike is my bitch"). C + C's dance-music dazzerments have attracted such heavy-duty commercial talent as Mariah Carey, for whom it is helping produce the follow-up to her 4 million-selling debut album; and dance diva Lisa Lisa, whose new record it is producing while she and Clivillés strike up a romantic association to complement the professional one.

There is no love lost, however, between C + C and Martha Wash, who has been singing for the producers for three years and earlier this year slapped them with two lawsuits, for improperly crediting her on the album and for not including her in the video, allegedly because her big voice and waistline are of the same approximate size. The two Cs admit to not paying Wash's contributions sufficient attention but deny that this is yet another Milli Vanilli episode of the puppet masters being tangled in their own strings. "We've always been in Martha's corner," Cole maintains. "Her new gripe is that she wasn't in the video. She sued us the day after she did the [vocal] session! If someone is trying to burn your house down, do you invite them for dinner?"

Fracases like this only underscore the fact that if dance music is the hottest commodity on the charts right now, it still lacks cachet. The wasp-waisted Zelma Williams handles the majority of female vocals on the record, yet it's a struggle to fix her with any strong identity. She might as well be a digital sample dressed in an evening gown. If producers are the stars, then they better have star quality. Or develop it. Some things just can't be made in a factory.

—Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/New York

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Exhibit B in the Dud Museum

The overhyped David Salle traces feebly and drones vacuously. Is there a duller or more formulaic painter in America?

By ROBERT HUGHES

The exhibition of new paintings by David Salle at the Gagosian Gallery in Manhattan (through May 4) has one tiny merit. It reminds you how lousy and over-promoted so much "hot," "innovative" American art in the 1980s was. If Julian Schnabel is Exhibit A in our national wax

a supercilious droning, very far from Rauschenberg's enthused, life-enhancing Barbarie Yawp.

From his German contemporary Sigmar Polke—whose uneven but brilliant retrospective is now finishing its run at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, and affords the utmost contrast to the work of his New York imitator—Salle learned

the canvas. And he traces very badly, which lends his quotations from Old Master paintings—thick on the ground in this show—an irresistibly comic air. If you are going to "appropriate" an image from Dürer or Géricault or Tiepolo or even some routine seicento tapestry, and do it by hand, nobody expects you to draw as well as your sources; but it helps if you can at least draw well enough to make the source clear, and Salle can hardly even do that.

The next step is to patch in some disconnected quotes from Modern Life, like a comic-strip balloon, a '30s car, a nude or an outline drawing of a chair. These can be repeated from picture to picture, thus giving the impression that such images are obsessive, à la Jasper Johns. This will lend an expectation of profundity to the series. Why profound? Because Salle, as everyone now knows, has discovered important metaphors of the meaningless overload of images in contemporary life. Thus his pictures enable critics to kvetch soulfully about the dissociation of signs and meanings, and to praise what all good little deconstructors would call their "refusal of authoritarian closure," meaning, roughly, that they don't mean anything in particular. It's as though those who bet on him can't bear to face the possibility that his work was vacuous to begin with, so that the charade of admiring the acuteness of his "strategies" can keep going, despite the quasi-industrial repetitiveness with which he recycles his rather small idea.

The work has changed, a little. Sensitively, no doubt, to the art world's new integument of Political Correctness, Salle has stopped including the mildly pornographic nudes that annoyed some spectators in the '80s. One must content oneself with his equally crude versions of less sexually loaded images. The *New York Times*, rarely in doubt about Salle's virtues, hailed the new works as "Rococo," presumably because they are all pale, some have harlequins, and one of them recycles a bit of 18th century décor—figures in a Roman landscape beside the Pyramid of Cestius. Such is the history of style.

Besides, it's all in a kind of museum, if you half-close your eyes. The Gagosian Gallery, perhaps because its ascent from selling posters on the West Coast to flogging \$10 million De Koonings has been so short and steep, goes to great lengths to surround its wares with the aura of a museum rather than that of a shop. It has even hired a guard to stand at the entrance to the room in which Salle's six new paintings are displayed, presumably in case some collector from the bottom of the waiting list is seized by the impulse to grab one of these tallowy objects from the wall and make a run for it. Ten minutes into the show, your heart goes out to that guard. Eight hours a day, five days a week, of this! ■



Ugolino's Room, 1990-91: the artist has never learned to draw, and probably never will

museum of recent duds, David Salle is certainly Exhibit B.

In the '80s, Salle became about as successful as a young artist could get, analyzed at length in the art magazines, pursued by bleating flocks of new collectors: "Innareating, innaresting, Marcia." In 1987, when he was only 34, the Whitney Museum gave him a full-dress retrospective, a striking example of that institution's passive-masochistic relation to the art market.

Yet is there a duller or more formula-ridden artist in America than Salle in 1991, as he approaches the Big Four-Oh? His work, essentially, is a decoction from three other artists. From Robert Rauschenberg's combines of the '50s and his silk-screen "collages" of the early '60s, Salle learned about piling unrelated images onto a canvas, the difference being that Salle hasn't a trace of the lyrical sharpness and poetic force of vintage Rauschenberg. His tone is

about hand painting his mass-media source images. And from the late paintings of Francis Picabia, he extracted (as Polke did, much more inventively) the banal mannerism of painting figures and things as though they were transparent, drawing them over the top of other things and figures.

One says "drawing" out of force of habit. At any rate, it is done with line. (It has to be, since Salle has no discernible sense of color; his range goes from putty to nasty anilines, but in this show a washed-out gray is the key.) Drawing, as anyone who has seen a few Salles knows, is not what the artist does. He never learned to do it, and probably never will. He is incapable of making an interesting mark. The line has all the verve of chewed string. It starts here and finishes there, but that's all you can say for it: nothing happens along the way. Mostly he traces, from slides projected on

Remaking The Field of Dreams

A ball-park revival aims to restore the intimacy of an older baseball tradition

By WALTER SHAPIRO CHICAGO

Midway through the fourth inning last Thursday, the home team was behind 16-0, and the restless opening-day crowd began to leave their seats. Rather than rushing to beat the traffic home, they set out on sightseeing tours along the broad concourses ringing the field. It was an epic day, the unveiling of the new Comiskey Park, and Chicago White Sox fans were ready to gawk. The splendor of the grass, the picture-perfect sight lines from the lower deck and the allure of the sun-speckled bleachers all trumpeted that this was a park made for baseball. Before the game, aging knuckleballer Charlie Hough, trying to hang on with the White Sox, captured the festive mood when he said, "I love the outfield seats. I'd enjoy sitting out there, I'm sure. I hope I don't have to."

Just across 35th Street stands the forlorn hulk of the original 1910 Comiskey Park, with a gaping hole cut through the right-field stands. A mournful opening-day banner reads, SPEEDWAY WRECKING: THE HARDEST 'HITTER' OF ALL TIME. With these ghostly memories still in sight, how hard is it for the nostalgic baseball fan to come to peace with progress. Yet the truth must be acknowledged: the new Comiskey Park represents a hopeful beacon for the future of baseball. It is a talisman that the wonder of the game will survive this era of luxury sky boxes, insanely lucrative television contracts and pouty \$4 million sluggers. "What's happening in baseball architecture is what you see here today," says architect Richard deFlon, who designed the new Comiskey for the HOK Sport group. "This is the first of the new single-purpose stadiums. Baltimore's next, then Cleveland. There is a return to the intimacy and the character of the old ball parks."

Ball park. Just the words jog the memory and uplift the spirit in a way that is antithetical to seemingly analogous terms like stadium, coliseum and that ghastly civic-booster construction "sports complex." The key



word is park, because nothing better conveys a small child's glee at the first glimpse of the field on an outing to the ball park. The three survivors of baseball's glory days— Fenway in Boston, Wrigley in Chicago and Detroit's Tiger Stadium—are islands of green in a densely urban setting. Lawrence Lucchino, president of the Baltimore Orioles, explains his team's quest for a modern-day field of dreams: "Everyone harked back to their youth and looked for what was special about the ball parks we loved."

This desire to recapture the tradition and character of bygone ball parks is a radical departure for the lords of baseball, who just a few years ago seemed entranced with the air-conditioned, carpeted sterility of the shopping-mall culture. Think back to the National League play-offs last October that pitted two teams bursting with young talent, the Cincinnati Reds and the Pittsburgh Pirates. It would have been an epic series, save for one problem: both teams played in nearly identical 1970 concrete slabs, monuments to the bottom-line obsessions that created multipurpose stadiums equally antiseptic for baseball, football or rock concerts. In 1989 the Skydome in Toronto found a way to exaggerate this folly to Herculean proportions. Boasting a hotel overlooking center field, a Hard Rock Cafe and the aura of high-tech razzmatazz, the Skydome became

a monument to itself, with baseball reduced to a minor sideline.

What is stirring about the ball-park revival that began at Comiskey is that it shows art and commerce can sometimes mix. "We all love the game of baseball," says Terry Savarise, the White Sox official who directed the project. "But let's not kid ourselves: baseball is a business." Indeed it is, and Comiskey has 93 luxury sky boxes renting for up to \$90,000 a year to prove it. The steeply pitched upper deck, elevated over three levels of luxury seating, invites a remake of *Vertigo*. Comiskey's other flaw is a love for blandness, rejecting the odd angles or idiosyncrasies that add character to a ball park.

If, architecturally, Comiskey can be scored as a double off the wall, the new ball park rising in Camden Yards in downtown Baltimore is a going-going-gone home run. Make no mistake, fans and players alike will miss the homely pleasures of Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, now in its final year. Set in the middle of an old-fashioned front-porch neighborhood and never an architectural icon, Memorial Stadium is like Baltimore itself, a place that purports to be nothing more and nothing less than it is.

Standing in the upper deck of the half-



KEEPSAKE DIAMONDS FOR FANS

The blue hue of Chicago's new Comiskey Park is a reminder that the architecture of the game is as much in the stands as on the playing field. The final opening day in Baltimore's hornet's nest Memorial Stadium mixed nostalgia with anticipation of the new park rising in Camden Yards.

completed Camden Yards ball park, one can appreciate why baseball bard Roger Angell proclaimed, "This is a fan's park... They've done it at last." Although Camden Yards is designed by the same firm that created Comiskey, here the upper deck is a graceful incline, not a mountain climb with Sherpa guides. Downtown Baltimore is always in view, from the Bromo-Seltzer clock tower behind left field to the massive, restored brick warehouse in right field that will become a 460-ft.-from-home-plate target. (Already the Orioles are searching for lefthanded sluggers with "warehouse power.") The homage to old ball parks can be seen in such retro touches as the exposed steel support beams, the irregular configuration of the outfield angles and arches that open wide to embrace the city.

Watching a game in Detroit is a graduate course in capturing the magic of the old-time ball parks. Unlike the ivy-clad perfection of Wrigley Field or the self-congratulatory ugliness of Fenway Park, 79-year-old Tiger Stadium represents the last remaining link with baseball before it became too self-conscious. No park provides more of the sensual joys of the game itself. On a clear night, fans can hear the crack of the bat, the infield chatter and even the ball hitting the catcher's mitt in the Tiger bullpen down the third-base line. The

cantilevered closed-in upper deck gives you the impression of sitting in a cherry picker over the umpire's shoulder; the lower-deck bleachers are so close to the field that you can nurture the illusion that you are not a spectator but the Tigers' right fielder.

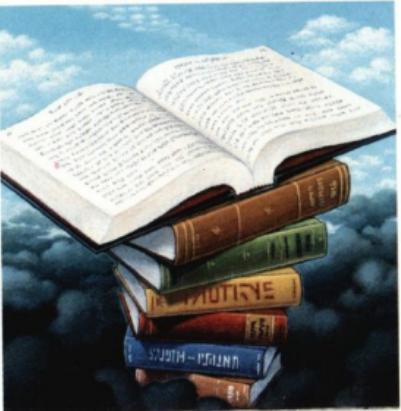
Yet Tiger Stadium is an endangered species. Pizza baron Tom Monaghan, the

team's owner, wants to open the 1995 season in a new stadium. William Haase, the Tiger vice president for operations, argues, "Everything is wonderful about old ball parks. But that doesn't mean they are meant to last forever or that they can be economically feasible." Preservationists are battling to prevent this rendezvous with the wrecking ball. The Tiger Stadium Fan Club, with 12,000 members, has developed its own plan for retrofitting the ball park and is promoting state legislation to bar the use of public funds for a new lair for the Tigers. As Bob Buchta, one of the founders of the fan club, says, "There is a special connection between old ball parks, childhood and the game of baseball. We feel that the Tigers are making an artistic mistake and a financial mistake."

For the moment, at least, Tiger Stadium endures. Next season they too will be aiming for the warehouse in Camden Yards. Other teams—the Cleveland Indians, the Milwaukee Brewers and the Texas Rangers—may soon make their own contributions to the ball-park revival of the 1990s. On the field before the opening game at Comiskey, Baseball Commissioner Fay Vincent said proudly, "This is the best that baseball can do in terms of architecture." For the true fan, the enduring hope is that he ain't seen nothin' yet. ■



There is a special connection between old ball parks, childhood and the game of baseball



Essay

Lance Morrow

The Best Refuge For Insomniacs

I know a woman whose son died by drowning on the night of his high school graduation. She told me she got through the weeks and months afterward by reading and rereading the works of Willa Cather. The calm and clarity of Cather's prose stabilized the woman and helped her through the time.

We have rats that we cling to in bad weather—consolations, little solidarities, numbers we dial, people we wake up in the middle of the night.

Somehow it is not much fun to wake up the television set. The medium is a microwave; it makes reality taste wrong. Television transforms the world into a bright dust of electrons, noisy and occasionally toxic. Turn on the set and lingering dreams float out to mingle with CNN. Dreams are not an electronic medium.

During the war in the gulf, the escapist magician made urgent reality inescapable. Television became spookier than usual in its metaphysical way: the instant global connection that is informative and hypnotic and jumpy all at once—immediate and unreal. The sacramental anchormen dispensed their unctuous and alarms. During the war, I found shelter in books in the middle of the night. They are cozier. The global electronic collective, the knife of the news, could wait until the sun came up. The mind prefers to be private in its sleepless stretches.

Read what? I am not talking exactly about reading to escape. Nor about reading to edify and impress oneself. *Paradise Lost* is not much help at 3 in the morning, except of course as a heavy sleeping potion. I mean the kind of reading one does to keep sane, to touch other intelligences, to absorb a little grace. In Vietnam the soldiers said, "He is a man you can walk down the road with." They meant, a man you can trust when the road is very dangerous. Every reader knows there are certain books you can go down the road with.

Everyone has his or her own list—each list no doubt is peculiar, idiosyncratic. The books you keep for the middle of the night serve a deeply personal purpose, one of companionship. Your connection with them is a mystery of affinities. Each mind has its night weather, its topographies. I like certain books about fly fishing, for example, especially Norman Maclean's brilliant *A River Runs Through It*, which, like fishing itself, sometimes makes sudden, taut connections to divinity.

One man rereads the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. He cherishes their world, the fog and bobbies, the rational wrapped in an ambient madness, the inexplicable each time yielding its secret in a concluding sunburst, a sharp clarity.

Television news, when it flies in raw and ragged, can be exhilarating. The medium destroys sequence. Reading restores to the mind a stabilization of linear prose, a bit of the architecture of thought. First one sentence, then another, building paragraphs, whole pages, chapters, books, until eventually something like an attention span returns and perhaps a steadier regard for cause and effect. War (and television) shatters. Reading, thought reconstruct. The mind in reading is active, not passive-depressive.

There is no point in being too reverent about books. *Mein Kampf* was—is—a book. Still, some books have the virtue of being processed through an intelligence. Writers make universes. To enter that creation gives the reader some intellectual dignity and a higher sense of his possibilities. The dignity encourages relief and acceptance. The universe may be the splendid, twittish neverland of P.G. Wodehouse (escape maybe, but a steady one) or Anthony Trollope's order, or Tolkien's. I know a married couple who go through a tragic time by reading Dickens to each other every night. Years ago, recovering from a heart operation, I read Shelby Foote's three-volume history of the American Civil War—a universe indeed, the fullest, most instructive tragedy of American history, all of the New World's Homer and Shakespeare enacted in four years. People find the books they need.

I like writers who have struggled with a dark side and persevered: Samuel Johnson, for example; his distinction and his majestic sanity both achieved the hard way. He emerged very human and funny and with astonishing resources of kindness. I have been reading Henry James' letters in the middle of the night. If James' novels are sometimes tiresome, his letters, which he produced in amazing quantity, are endlessly intelligent and alive. To a friend named Grace Norton, who was much afflicted, he wrote, "Remember that every life is a special problem which is not yours but another's and content yourself with the terrible algebra of your own . . . We all live together, and those of us who love and know, live so most." He told her, "Even if we don't reach the sun, we shall at least have been up in a balloon."

Odd that 19th century writers should write a prose that seems so stabilizing in the late 20th. Ralph Waldo Emerson is good to have beside the bed between 3 and 6 in the morning. So is the book of *Job*. Poetry: Wallace Stevens for his strange visual clarities, Robert Frost for his sly moral clarities, Walt Whitman for his spaciousness and energy. Some early Hemingway. I read the memoirs of Nadezhda Mandelstam (*Hope Against Hope; Hope Abandoned*), the widow of Osip Mandelstam, a Soviet poet destroyed by Stalin. I look at *The Wind in the Willows* out of admiration for Mr. Toad and for what he has to teach about folly and resilience.

The contemplation of anything intelligent—it need not be writing—helps the mind through the black hours. Mozart, for example; music like bright ice water, or, say, the memory of the serene Palladian lines of Jefferson's Monticello. These things realign the mind and teach it not to be petty. All honest thought is a form of prayer. I read Samuel Johnson ("Despair is criminal") and go back to sleep. ■

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